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Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1671 JAN. 30, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 30, 1932

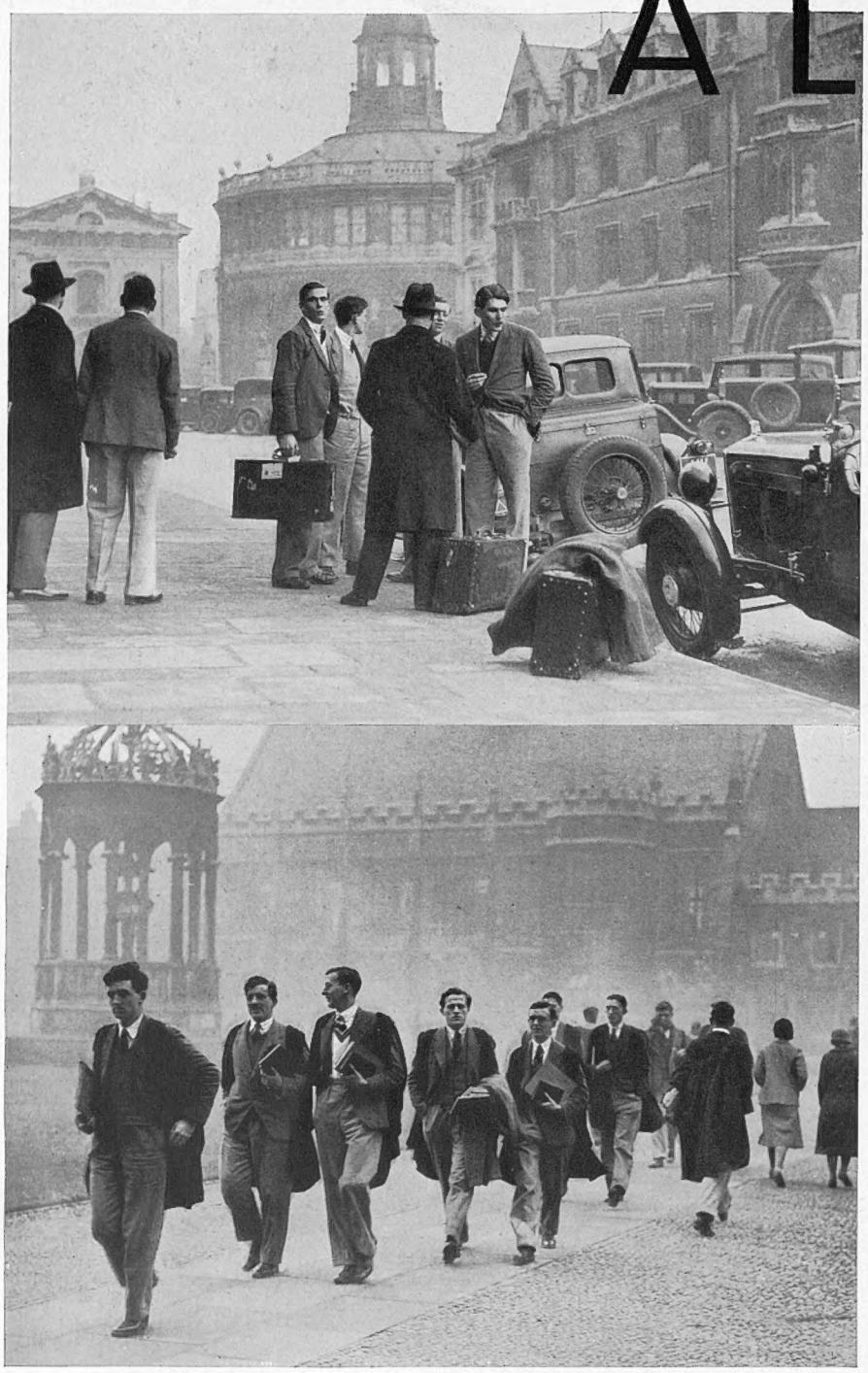
MISSING

M 2, the Seaplane-Carrying Submarine, Converted from the "K" Class, which, as we go to Press, had not been Heard of for over Twenty-four Hours and has only just been Located in Sinister Silence

Yet another submarine tragedy, it is feared, may have occurred. *M 2*, one of the converted "K" class, in the pursuit of her exercises, dived on Tuesday morning and, as we go to press, has only just been located between the sweeps of two destroyers. Many ships were sent out, under the direction of Rear-Admiral Little, from Portsmouth, to stand by off Portland Bill where an object, confidently believed to be the missing submarine, was located in seventeen fathoms of water. Rough weather has impeded the work of the divers sent out to assist in the rescue. While there is yet a chance that the engines of the submarine have failed and its apparatus for communication is out of commission, it is feared that *M 2* dived with a hatchway open and the men aboard were drowned like rats in a trap before they had the chance to employ the Davis life-saving apparatus with which the boat was equipped. Additional probability is lent to this theory by the fact that ships of the "K" class are structurally more likely to submerge with an open hatchway than those of, say, the "L" class. Fifty-six officers and men are involved in what may prove one of the greatest of the round dozen of major submarine tragedies the century has known.

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New



PRELUDE TO THE BLUES! Term has started at both the great Universities, as this composite picture shows. Above, a group of Oxford men with "bag and baggage" are seen discussing prospects for the boat race; while below is a group of studious Light Blues in gowns—though not caps, which are worn only for examinations—bound from one lecture to another

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, January 27, 1932.

LYTTON STRACHEY.—Mr. Lytton Strachey, founder of a literary school important in our day, has died untimely, to the manifest loss of all educated and discerning lovers of literature. When first he blew the gaff on the Victorian Valhalla all those whose roots were in the Victorian tradition labelled him impious. His *Queen Victoria* is the only big scale work on which his fame rests. His *Essex* revealed too clearly his methods. His facts he accepted in almost exact sequence from the D.N.B. and invented characters for Essex, Elizabeth, and other protagonists to suit these facts. Read *Essex* again and then instantly read the D.N.B. article on Essex, and you will be dumbfounded by the ease with which he secured and burned his midnight oil. He belongs not to the school of historians but to the school of psychologists or novelists. Personally he was a charming companion, witty, a ripe scholar. As a writer he has done some harm to the youth of to-day. For he has not proved that the veneration and hero worship of the Victorians were misplaced. He has merely encouraged the young in irreverence and killed hero worship, which is a great asset. The "school of Lytton Strachey" to-day is thronged and not adorned by every scribbler who adopts the easy method of being amusing, i.e. the assumption that to be dead is to be ridiculous.

. . . .

But my own view is that the laugh is still on the other side of Styx. We have little proof that in politics or the arts or literature or in the art of living we are wiser than our fathers. The truth is, it is the self-elected disciples, and not the master of the School, who have done the damage. The ridiculer of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert remained—to admire and venerate what was fine and noble in their characters. But lesser disciples not so discerning read into his little digs at their foibles and the fashions in thought and taste of their day a general order to belittle their characters. Which was not the master's design, for he was himself a scholar, a gentleman, and a man of discernment.

LEO MAXSE.—For forty years Leo Maxse trounced the leaders of his own and other parties, and prophesied the havoc which would (and did) result from the flabbiness and shortsightedness and cowardice and hesitancy of Ministers of State. And all those castigating years he never made a convert—or an enemy. The truth is, he never realized that the sting of criticism lies in the tail of justice. When he selected a target he painted it black all over. It became not a magpie, but an all-sable crow. Nothing was too bad for his villain of the hour. And because that villain was often of his own party and one of his personal friends, because the kindest heart in Britain would insist on beaconing in the twinkling eye of this far from anonymous Junius, the victim and his allies kissed the rod and took the castigation as a personal compliment. I have a picture of Leo Maxse which belongs to any week-end before 1922—the great drawing-room of some Conservative leader's country house. At the piano, surrounded by a group of men, Mrs. Maxse looking like an angel and playing like St. Cecilia; in a far corner, Leo Maxse, jesuitically hissing into the ear of the very victim, whom he had spent a happy week in castigating for next month's *National*, the scandal of the administration and the doom in store for the country.

. . . .

Who could fail to appreciate in these slavish days a man of moral courage and independent (if sometimes partial) judgment? He was a patriot and an Imperialist, and he believed in the Englishman's genius for leadership and administration (except in office). His Imperialism was the vigorous Imperialism of the great days. Compromise and explanation were not the business of the dominant race. He believed in Pam's way. He hated toadies and he hated tapers. Socially and politically he was independent. His recreations were tennis, bird-watching, and talk. And whether it was tennis, talk, or journalism, he always played the game for all it was worth. Never again shall we see him emerging on to the tennis court in his system of grey sweaters and woollies, to enjoy, fierce and uncompromising, the rigour of the game he loved.

INTERPRETING PUBLIC OPINION.—It is strange how often even to-day the Press fails to interpret and comprehend public opinion. The death of Bishop Gore revealed the depth of feeling and the sense of irreparable loss which the nation has sustained. Men and women of every class and creed and of every political opinion gave unmistakable proof of the great love and veneration in which they held his name. But, with two or three notable exceptions, the immediately published obituary notices showed how little the Press realized the depth of the nation's feeling. One die-hard, indeed, saw an opportunity for a contemptuous dig at a political opponent and must have sustained something of a shock to learn with what disgust its readers received that tasteless, unjust, and ignorant garble of facts and prejudices.

WHEN PARLIAMENT MEETS.—Easter falls very early this year — Good Friday is actually on March 25. We must turn a deaf ear to the Jeremiahs who are already quoting the tag:

If Our Lord fall in Our Lady's lap,
There cometh to England great mishap.

We are inured to great mishaps and must ignore the old monkish saw. But the fact remains that when Parliament meets next Tuesday it will have very few working days on which business other than the inevitable financial business can be done. We know that the Wheat Quota bill, a rationalizing rent restriction bill, and a town planning bill are to be taken to second reading in the House, and it appears that if any other business—such as this majority tariff-policy—is intended to be pressed on, the time allotted to private members' bills will have to be trenched on. It is probable, moreover, that when Parliament assembles, several of the Government's leading lights will still be abroad, and doubtless the Opposition will squander precious time in criticism of such disrespect to the House, and in other obstruction.

RURAL AMENITIES.—One of these bills—its full name is the Town and Country Planning Bill—is familiar ground. It got some way when Mr. Greenwood introduced it in the last Parliament and comes back, a more or less agreed measure, embodying several sound amendments then made. If anything, outside reparations and disarmament, is of any importance to-day, this bill deserves the keenest support of every Englishman. It is out to kill ribbon development, uglification of rural areas, destruction of places of beauty and historic interest, and the squandermania and vulgarity of parochial Napoleons. The bill even reveals a rudimentary notion of justice and civility to landowners and vested interests in this age of truculent democracy. In brief, the bill seeks to extend in rural areas and areas already developed (save the mark!) the planning powers of local authorities, and to ensure that a greater share of direction and control is exercised from Whitehall in the development of rural areas. It is nearly too late, but not quite too late, for Englishmen to take a hand in saving the loveliest land on earth from the ravages of the ignorant, the tasteless, and the base.

THE VICTIMS OF POLITICAL CHANGE.—Although the new Parliament now reassembling is three months old, there are still unconsoled a large number of political victims of the late *volte face*—in the mining areas of the north, especially the miners' M.P.s, thrown out in dozens at the General Election, are in hard case. Many of them burnt their boats for politics and find nothing available yet to take the place of their £400 per annum. Their own organizations will try to keep them going till places can be found for them. But the feeling of dependence and uncertainty is galling in the extreme. The paradox of politics is this: still to-day only very rich men or paupers can "stand the shot" of a parliamentary career, and I will explain my meaning. To the working man £400 a year is a salary which (save for its uncertainty) is not despicable. But for the wage-earner whose standard of living is on the £1,500 to £2,000 a year mark, a political career, if it be taken seriously, is fraught with danger. Minor office is the normal reward for moderate ability in politics. Take the case of a man who has perhaps £300 a year from private sources and earns £1,000 a year from two or three directorships. His salary as M.P. makes up his available gross income to £1,700. He is in due course rewarded with a junior post in the Government. He derives £1,000 a year from it. But by convention he must chuck both his salary as M.P. and his directorships. Consequently promotion costs him nearly half his income. A rich man does not notice the loss of a few hundreds; the "middle" man is severely hit. Ergo, economically only the rich can afford, and only the poor are attracted to, politics to-day. Which is an anomaly and a pity.

THE CALL TO DISARM.—To-day it is impossible to stress too often the inexorable logic which calls to civilization to disarm.

The Good Faith of the Allies.—When by the treaty of Versailles Germany was disarmed, her disarmament was definitely agreed to be a first step toward general disarmament. Fifty-five nations are bound by the League covenant which pledged signatories to disarmament. The Kellogg Pact which outlawed war and set up peaceful settlement in its place as final arbitrament has sixty-six nation signatories.

Economics.—The nations of the world, tottering on the verge of bankruptcy, are still compelled to spend uncountable millions sterling a year in armaments. The existence of these great armaments is admittedly the prime cause of credit insecurity, as their expense is unquestionably the prime cause of crippling taxation and the atrophy of trade.

The Horrors of War.—Memory is short, but writers in scores have recorded the unspeakable horror of war with the weapons of 1918. The weapons of 1932 compare with those of 1918 as shells compare with bows and arrows. The standing armies of Europe are to-day as large as they were in 1913 and are highly trained and equipped to kill not fighting troops but nations, to blot out in a matter of weeks civilization and the labours and treasures of generations of men. These are facts that none can call in

sletter

question. The reason why one cannot overstress them is this: If in the face of this appalling logic, the chosen representatives of the governments concerned achieve no result, the resettlement of the world on a sane basis must inevitably, and soon, be taken out of their hands by the betrayed peoples themselves. Public opinion in civilization will be the last, the prompt, and terrible dictator.

. . . .

As indeed it will be in the allied subject of war debts and reparations. If America's attitude remains unyielding, if President Hoover's dilemma remains the tragi-comic impasse it is, if Mr. MacDonald and M. Laval find no mutually acceptable formula, the insoluble problem will solve itself to the discomfiture and disgrace of governments and politicians for a generation.

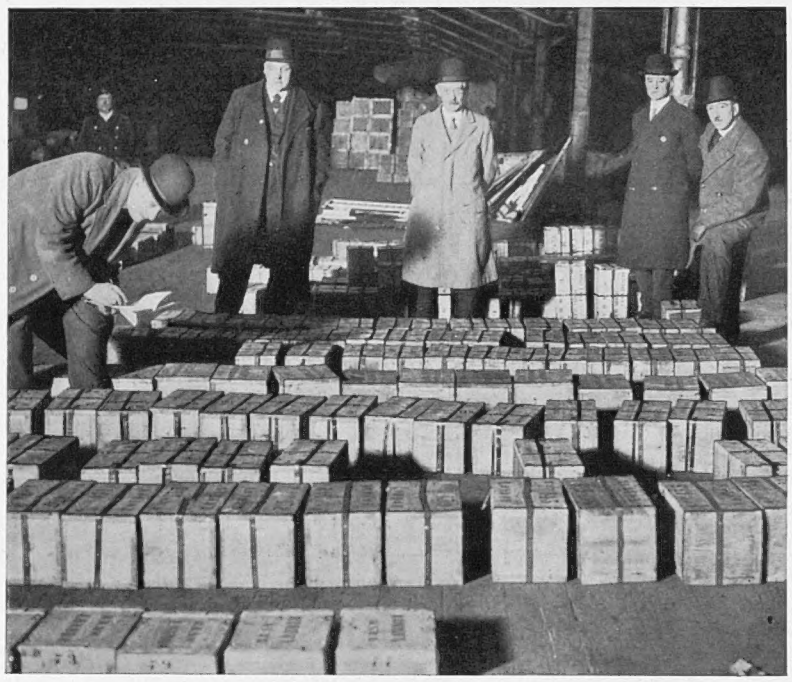
BROADCASTING PLAYS.—Your true enthusiast is the convert. I am converted to Radio, after an obstinate resistance. Therefore I shall not be accused of malice when I say that I have yet to listen to the broadcast play which held my attention, let alone gave me the smallest measure of thrill or æsthetic pleasure. I have never doubted that the finest play in the world owes ninety per cent. of its appeal to the eye. That it may be the finest literature in the world is another thing. *Henry IV*, Part 2, succeeds as a stage play; so does *Cavalcade*. The first contains the essence of human nature and everlasting truth; the latter is a thing of slogans and headlines. That Shakespeare wrote his plays for the eye, every careful Shakespearean production proves to the hilt. To read and to see Shakespeare's plays are entirely distinct experiences. I am quite ready to listen to a Shakespeare play on the Radio, but I regard it not as a play but as a reading; the beauty and familiarity of the words satisfy me. But Grand Guignol. . . . If the B.B.C. give us more Rope, they will hang—themselves!

THE DARTMOOR MUTINY.—Mum is the word about the causes which led to the great mutiny of convicts at Dartmoor, until the full-dress Home Office Commission has examined and reported. Certainly there has been no desire to hush the affair up. Officials appeared to tumble over each other in their anxiety to report and examine early and often. I have one comment to make. In seven cases out of ten mutinies in prisons (as in old days on board ship) result from bad feeding, or at any rate from grievances about food or unjust treatment in commissariat matters. In prison, as on sailing ships of old, the monotony of life gives enormous importance to fixtures like meals. There is indeed little else to live for. The causes of this disturbance are believed to be bound up with grievances, real or imagined, concerning food, treatment, and/or objection to an anticipated removal of certain classes of long-term men to town prisons, in which extra-mural employment is impossible. What is clear is that the grievances were not new, that trouble was anticipated, and that a high official was actually examining into the causes when the riot broke out. We in England—happy in the possession of a prison system second to none in humanity and justice—should be the last to assume that anyone in authority has been wanting in duty.

RECORDS.—Lindrum, tired of 3,000-breaks, has passed 4,000 and is reaching out for 5,000. No billiard player, alive or dead, is in the same class, or on the same plane, with Lindrum. Yet billiards, as a *game*, is far down a long and steepening decline in popularity. Bobby Jones again, at golf, surpassed all his contemporaries and precursors. Yet golf was an old game when Waterloo was fought. Why is it that this generation is so singled out for records at games which men have played for generations? The answer, of course, is simple. Games are no longer played. They are embraced professionally. They are not games or recreations, but the serious business of life to their pre-eminent votaries. One may note that the weather also for this happy generation is for ever breaking all records. Why is this? Because we are only now beginning to take the weather seriously. We have found it a quite admirable medium for displaying our statistical skill and scientific cleverness. But our fathers took the weather as it came and enjoyed or endured the sun, the rain, and the frost without for ever analysing these phenomena. And they played their games to pass time, not records.

THE OLD STAGER.

FIRST FRUITS OF THE YEAR: January is not pre-eminently a month of burgeoning, but in certain districts the lambing season has started. On the left is a group of young caperers on Sir Ernest Wills's estate off the Bath Road between Hungerford and Marlborough. On the right is a bank of snowdrops in the Craven district of Yorkshire, forced on by the mild weather. A wit commented on these flowers: "Snowdrops when the snow has melted"

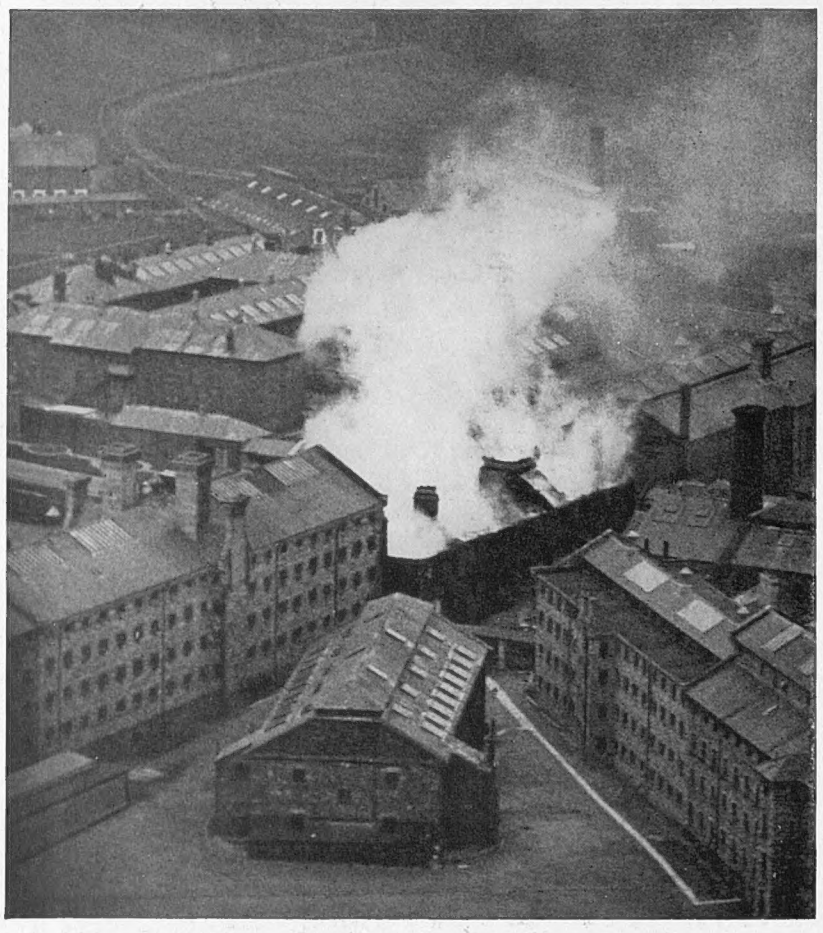


£2,000,000 IN GOLD consigned from India (where, owing to the excess of exports over imports, incredible stores of gold—which are now used largely to bolster up Gandhi-ism, Congress, and other seditionist activities—have been amassed during the past 2,000 years) arrived at Tilbury aboard *SS. Maloja, en route* to London

LADY OXFORD AND ASQUITH exploited the nose-veil, the muff, the tie, and the very long skirt at a recent wedding

MISS BRITAIN, 1932, was chosen from twenty-one competitors in the final round of the contest held at the Astoria Dance Hall, London. In private life she is Miss Gwen Stallard, a metropolitan beauty. Miss Betty Spurling was ranked second; Miss Billie Schofield third. Miss Madeleine Carroll is seen above presenting the cheque for the winning entry to Miss Britain (in sash)

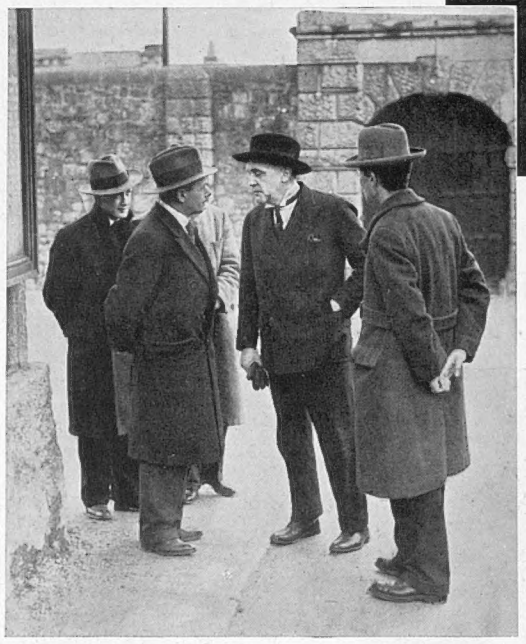
MUTINY AT DARTMOOR



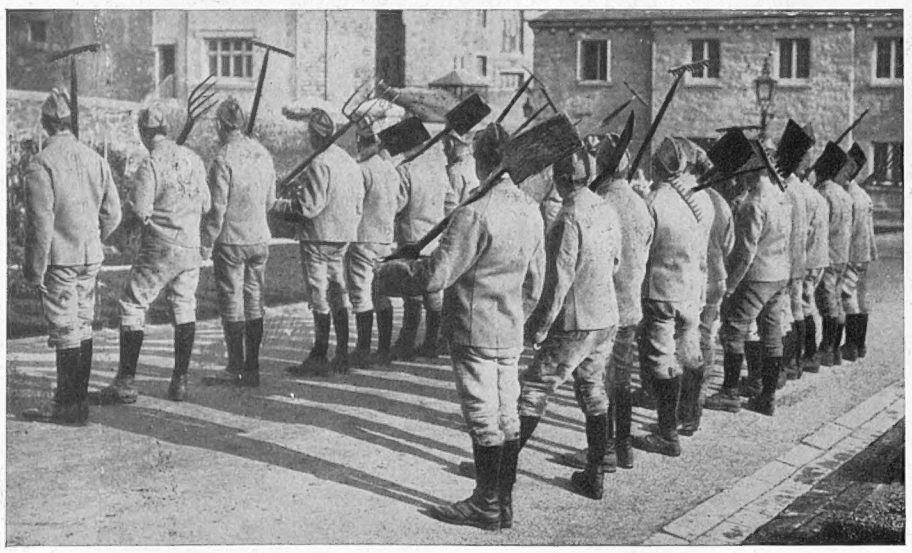
THE CENTRAL BLAZE: The portion of the building in which the Governor was attacked and whence he was rescued into a loyal section of the prison. The Governor, Mr. S. N. Roberts, is a noted advocate of humanitarian reforms and rose from the ranks of prison warders

BURNING THE RECORDS: One feature of the arson committed by the mutineers was available! Many papers are seen scattered over the Governor's garden in this fire gutted the central portion of the building, from which subsidiary buildings radiate military has been invoked as a precautionary measure, both against

VICTIM OF THE MUTINY: One of the warders with a bandaged head. No fatality occurred on either side and no escape was achieved



THE COMMISSIONER: Mr. Alexander Paterson, Chief Commissioner of Prisons, talks to the Press. He took statements from officials and convicts, with the result that military aid was invoked

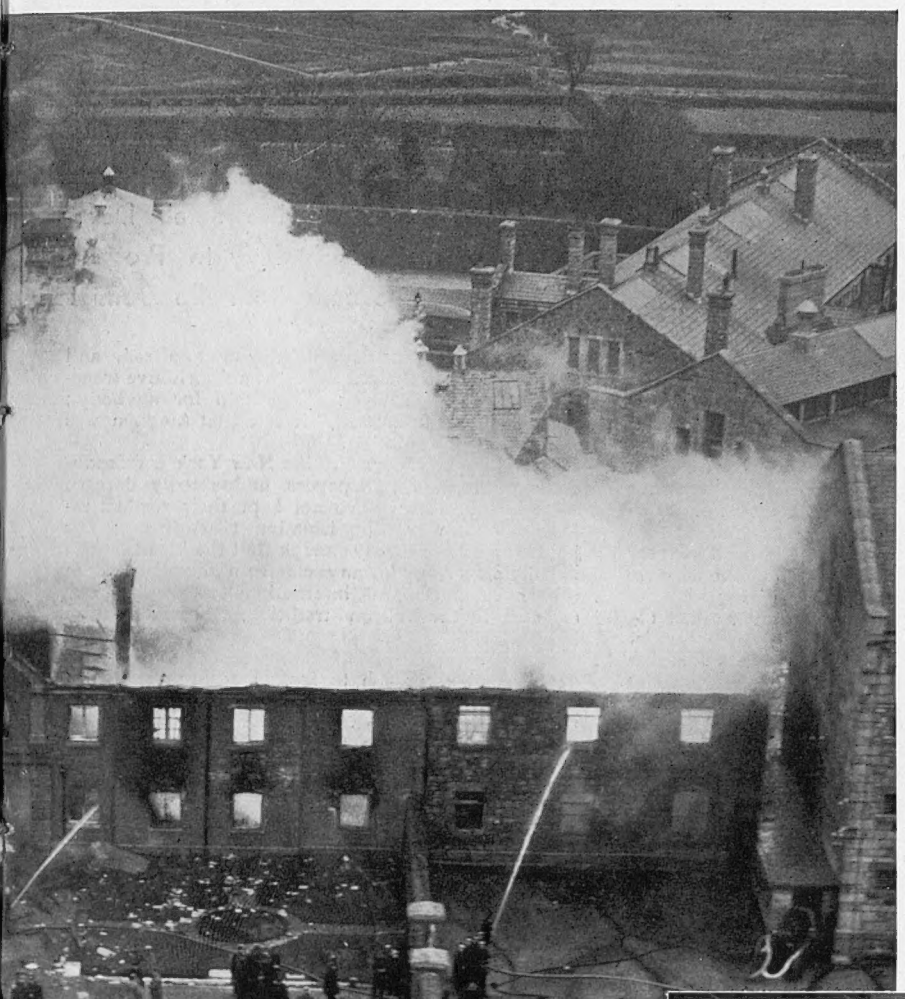


A WORKING GANG OF CONVICTS: A typical party, paraded for agricultural work. The convicts at Dartmoor are the most violent in the kingdom, and a mutiny of such characters, is inevitably productive of violence. The two pictures taken from the air are among the last so obtained, as flying over Dartmoor has been banned

THE PLYMOUTH POLICE, whose heroism, led by the Chief Constable, Mr. A. their arrival. Only two of the constabulary were armed, but the strong discipline accurate marksmanship of the warders (who shot only to wound),

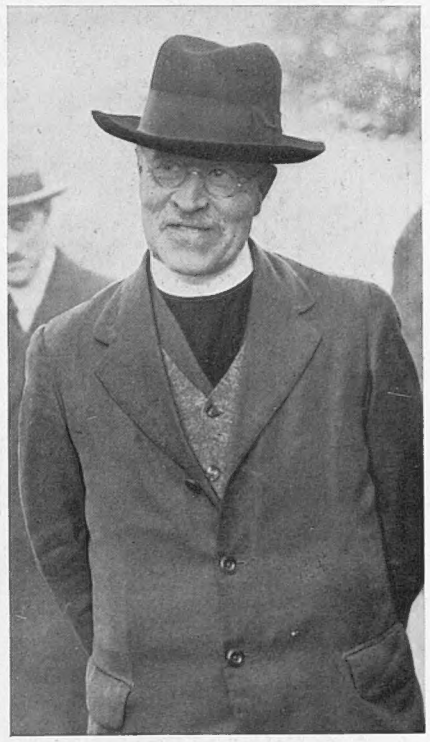
The world was astonished to hear that mutiny on a scale unprecedented in British prison history had broken out at Dartmoor last week-end. Trouble had been brewing for some time, but it broke into open and violent rebellion, soon quashed, however, by the efficiency and heroism of the Plymouth police. It is now authoritatively believed that it was engineered

Special Pictures of the Most Spectacular Outbreak the Prison Life of Britain has ever Known: an Outbreak, moreover, which was Attended by not one Single Death and not one Single Escape



the burning of the prisoners' records—of which duplicates are picture. The prison fire-engine was put out of commission, and the like the spokes of a wheel, down to a mere shell. The aid of the further trouble within and assistance from without

THE GOVERNOR: Mr. S. N. Roberts, whose trend is in favour of humanitarian reforms. He rose from the warders' ranks, which he entered twenty years ago, to his present position



THE CHAPLAIN: The Rev. E. F. P. Scholes, who was conducting a service in the chapel when the mutiny broke from smouldering disobedience into the open blaze of violent revolt

Wilson, shattered the mutiny at Dartmoor within a few minutes of of the force, launched in a baton charge, reinforced with the soon proved too much for the prisoners

by criminal and Communist agencies outside the prison, although at first it was officially stated that complaints as to the quality of the food precipitated the outbreak. No fatalities and—which is even more commendable — no escapes occurred.

THE SCENE OF THE OUTBREAK: The prison chapel. The padre, the Rev. E. F. P. Scholes, states that he heard the order "Return to cells" given; the majority of the convicts were in the actual course of obeying the command, when one group proved recalcitrant and drew the majority of the other convicts to their side. Thereafter, the warders (who were not armed) were forced to retreat to man the outer walls in a successful attempt to prevent an escape

PRESIDENT HOOVER, *whose prestige and popularity have declined with U.S. securities and his tentative* rapprochement *with Europe*

AMERICA AT THE CRO

A Mass Movement Towards Economic has Itself Caused in No Small Degree, in a Nation Inured Only to Prosperity, publicans from the Dominion

In the great boom Herbert Hoover who, as Minister of Commerce, had got all the limelight left over from "Silent Cal" Coolidge (a most garrulous man, by the way) was the Republicans' greatest asset. Engineer, executive hero of great humanitarian exploits, idealist, and not a professional politician, he had become a legend. The Republicans, in their campaign, capitalized that legend for all it was worth. The people elected him President by the greatest majority ever recorded in a national election, and the astute and genial "Al" Smith, wet and Catholic, who had been received so well "on the stump" (Hoover wisely did not compete, but stayed at home) that he had considerable hopes of success, was so staggered that for weeks afterwards he looked like a man who had received a knock-out blow.

Alas for legends! Over the last two years the fall in Hoover prestige and popularity has kept rhythmic pace with the decline of prices in the stock market. It has been recalled that, after all, during his thirty years of world roving he was only 10 per cent. a mining engineer and 90 per cent. a concession hunter and promoter of his own concession-holding ventures (Babilonia Gold Mines, Burma Mines, Inter-Argentine Syndicate, Inter-Russian Syndicate, Yuanmi Gold Mines, Russo-Asiatic Corporation, and so on. Hostile publicists have dug up records of an old case in the Chancery Court in London, in which the Director-General of Mines for the Chinese Government accused Mr. Hoover and his associates of euchring him out of valuable mining property, and, in rendering a decision against the Hoover company, Mr. Justice Joyce observed: "Incidentally it appears by a letter of Mr. Hoover that he actually took possession of some title deeds of the property by main force." They have asserted that the President has shown the characteristic weaknesses of a professional business optimist who is only at home in a bull market where he cannot go wrong, and all at sea in a bear market where qualities of vision and judgment are required. And they have pointed to his reluctance over a long period to admit that a real catastrophe was approaching America, his preference for issuing "sunshine statements" forecasting an improvement and an upturn which, in fact, turned out only to be a deepening of the depression.

SECRETARY OF STATE STIMSON, *known as "Wrong Horse Harry," whose notes cut as much ice in diplomacy as those of the late President Wilson*

How far Mr. Hoover was misled by the great bankers and industrialists he gathered at the White House to advise him at this time is a question. He has certainly been unlucky. He recovered a flash of his old prestige when the stock markets flattered his inter-Governmental debt holiday scheme, which was worked out by Mr. Owen D. Young and Mr. Stimson, sponsored by the Pittsburg banker, Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury and guardian of the vast Mellon interests, and a score of New York bankers with fingers deep in the pie of international finance, and pressed upon Mr. Hoover, who released it after he had called in the eighty leaders of Congress and secured their promise of support. But France was annoyed to learn of the plan through the newspapers before advice reached her through the usual diplomatic channels. There were hold-ups, complications, and the Hoover debt holiday boomlet collapsed.

The last vestige of the once great Hoover legend went with it. And the task of the Republican leaders is either to revive that legend by an act of black magic, or find another man round whom they can create a new legend which will fill the people with renewed confidence, faith, and hope.

VICTIMS OF THE ECONOMIC BLIZZARD *whose one idea of economic salvation is epitomized in the myopic phrase, "Make Europe pay." The picture shows an unemployed demonstration, marching from Pittsburg, Pa,, to Washington, D.C., fed* en route *from improvised kitchens*

The world outside America has been a good deal puzzled by the phenomena connected with this basic internal political situation. Its hopes of American co-operation have been alternately raised and dashed down.

It heard, with a glad heart, Mr. Mellon, the aged banker, who was brought in after Wilson's downfall to preserve America's war gains in the financial realm and has remained at the Treasury ever since, proclaim that the whole of the war debt was not worth one dollar lost to American foreign trade. It read most helpful intentions into the tour of the European capitals made by Mr. Stimson, the scion of wealth and aristocracy, who was brought from the Governor-Generalship of the Philippines to run the State Department, and whose adventures in diplomacy have won him the name in Washington of "Wrong Horse Harry."

The invitations to Mr. MacDonald, M. Laval, and Signor Grandi, to visit the President for confidential talks, looked, thought the watchers, as if America at last recognized her kinship with a world which in fact had become a single economic family. When, therefore, nothing beyond the Hoover debt holiday materialized, and the crisis at its height brought authoritative trans-Atlantic voices saying: "No help for anybody; America is not interested," it felt that America was a riddle beyond solution.

For this bewilderment the New York correspondents of foreign newspapers undoubtedly deserve some blame. They have not kept their readers informed of the growing isolationist sentiment; nor pointed out persistently enough that the idea that the Republicans stand for an exclusive nationalism, while the Democrats are internationally-minded and oriented in the Wilson tradition, is based upon a fallacy.

They had other fish to fry. During most of 1931 they were kept busy supplying the demand of the outer world for news of the vicissitudes of that dauntless purveyor to Chicago's £20,000,000 thirst, Mr. "Scarface" Al Capone. Mr. Capone has now gone, a victim—like Mr. Hoover—of the great depression. His reign in Chicago was based mainly upon the retention in the City Hall of the obese politician, "Big Bill" Thompson, who had jockeyed himself and his crowd into control of the mighty Western metropolis mainly by persuading the unintelligentsia that Britain had designs upon American liberty, and solemnly pledging that if King George V. ever showed his "snout" in Chicago, he, (Mayor Thompson), would personally punch it.

Somehow, the British sovereign did not manage to pay Chicago a visit and enable the redoubtable Mayor to redeem his election pledge. What happened instead was that the economic blizzard at last reached America (its last port of call with the exception of France, which it struck a little later) and knocked prosperity, illusions, good-humour, everything sideways.

New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other big cities found that the enormous load of graft that could be carried in times of prosperity proved, in times of depression, the last straw that broke the camel's back. New York started a vigorous investigation into the alleged corruption of the Mayor Walker-Tammany Hall regime? and genial Jimmy Walker (so much older and shrewder than he looks) conveniently left for a holiday in Europe and Florida, while his confidential book-keeper went on another holiday so prolonged that, although the investigating committee has been looking for him ever since, it has to date failed entirely to discover just where he is.

Chicago was too deep in the ditch to be put off with investigating committees. The city rulers, with the frightened bankers back of them, combined and kicked out Big Bill and put in Mr. Cermak. One of Mr. Cermak's pledges was to clean up the city. As Mr. Capone proved too powerful to clean-up (besides, the city rulers, not excluding the big bankers, wanted their liquor, and wanted it guaranteed

MAYOR OF NEW YORK WALKER, *whose clothes, say the wits, are more immaculate than his official accounts*

Soon we shall be saying good-bye to General Dawes, United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and diplomacy will miss one of the most unconventional personages it has known in many a year. There was a dinner, attended by Mr. MacDonald, Lady Astor, and many other eminent persons, at the Embassy, at which an irreverent friend of the General's, over on a short visit to keep him company, dressed up as a comic waiter, dropped plates, hiccupped, and by his general behaviour caused one guest to send up the table to another a message which read, "I feel deeply for our host." When the joke was revealed everybody was highly amused with the exception of the then Spanish Ambassador, whose soup had been removed before he had tasted it. But these Spanish grandees have no sense of humour.

I had not intended, however, to talk of "Hell and Maria" Dawes, but to point the moral of his new appointment as president of the Government £200,000,000 Finance Corporation just created. A presidential campaign is blowing up in the States. The Republican Party, in power, but feeling its clutch slipping, is concentrating its forces and bringing up reserves. It will be disastrous (for the Republican Party) if it cannot get its candidate elected next November. And with the American mass in its present mood, a Republican success has become problematical. Already the mass has shown its teeth by returning a Democratic majority to Congress to hamper and harass the Chief Executive, and Democrats have high hopes of capturing the Senate, where they are already represented by forty-seven seats against the Republican forty-eight.

Unfortunately for the Republicans they have got themselves suspected of a desire to co-operate with other Powers in a solution of world problems. The Hoover debt holiday and the Administration suggestion to revive the War Debts Commission, has further fostered the belief that they seek to revise, if not to cancel, the War Debts. And if there is anything calculated to make the American electorate in its present exacerbated mood, divorce its Republican spouse and marry the next best thing, a Democrat, it is this suspicion of international flirtations. Having broken a Wilson, America will not hesitate, if necessary, to pulverize a Hoover.

SS ROADS

Isolation Deriving from the Depression it Combined with the Deplorable Slump May Soon Oust Hoover and the Re- of American Affairs of State

By

C. PATRICK THOMPSON

good and at the right price, and only the Capone group could give that guarantee), he was tactful enough to allow himself to be thrown to some cardboard lions for the good of the city and its new regime (and his own business). It being impossible for anyone to prove violations of the liquor law against him without implicating some of the highest-placed men in the city, and impossible to convict him of murder without causing the machine-guns to bark in his defence (it being an axiom in Chicago that dead witnesses tell no tales), the Federal authorities obligingly stepped in and got him a "stretch" for failing to share the profits of his crime trust —liquor, racketeering, dope, and white slave trafficking — with the U.S. Treasury by way of income-tax.

Relieved of this fruitful source of news, the foreign correspondents had more time to devote to a growing demand from the outer world for news about how America fared in the Sargasso Sea of troubles in which most of the world by now was entangled, and in particular what attitude the American people were taking towards the vital question of co-operating to cut a way through the weeds to smooth waters and new horizons of wealth, higher living standards, and greater security.

But much has happened in the interim in the mass mind of the American people and in the ceaseless play of politics, and it was late to go back and start explaining things to a world which, anyway, did not want to be bored by America's local politics.

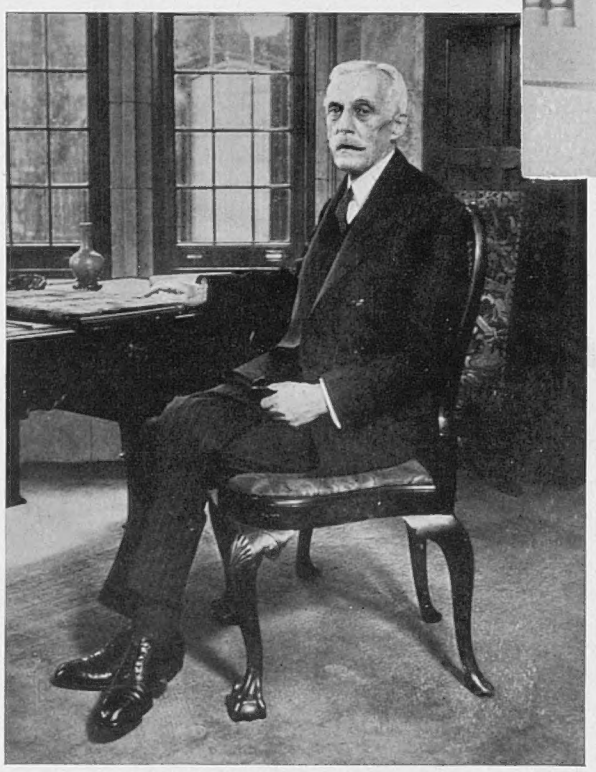
Besides, the American mass mind is a mysterious pool in which the most prescient politicians fish without getting a bite which tells them what they want to know. You can see the shift in the revised attitude of popular papers which seek to follow public opinion, not to guide it.

Up to the last three or four months it was an American popular-journal game to pour ridicule and contempt on politicians, while depicting bankers, business men, and statesmen as the real national leaders, great and wise and calm men towering over the foolish and predatory little busy bodies of politics. Now, to take a typical example of the new trend, a national journal with a circulation of three millions, probably the most widely-read and influential popular weekly in the States, has reversed its cartoon policy, and pictures its former heroes as fussy old women gabbling like an uplift women's club round a teapot labelled "Europe" or "World Problems," while a hungry, ragged urchin labelled "America" stands forlornly outside the group and asks plaintively, "What about *my* problem?"

"My" problem absorbs America now. Britain, with her immense sea-borne commerce and long experience of international trade, understands that her national problem is inseparable from the world problem. America, a newcomer to foreign trade and a novice at international finance and commerce, has yet to learn that lesson — and she shows little disposition as a nation to begin.

Indeed, she and France show a curious similarity of attitude, even when abusing one another for the vices of an exclusive nationalism. When M. Laval says that France, fortunate in her soil, is self-contained, and rather than yield any of her sacred rights and claims will confidently face a position of international isolation, he is only echoing what the average Middle Westerner (a type which in the mass makes up political America) is thinking about his own country in its relation to the world beyond the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

The politicians must follow this mass movement, or perish. They may not know how they can collect from Europe, but they do know now that if they talk cancellation they will commit political suicide. The Budget shows a huge deficit. That gap is filled by the issue of short-term Government bonds. The market is good for such bond issues, which are over-subscribed many times.



SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY MELLON, *one of the few aristocratic personalities the U.S.A possesses, who has brought his great prestige, his imposing resources, and his genius for finance to the aid of the Republican Government*

MAYOR OF CHICAGO CERMAK, *who has done much, but not all, to clean up the city*

Borrowing to balance the Budget looks like unsound finance. The American system, however, does not work like the British system. Capital appreciation, for instance, is taxable, while capital losses can be used as a claim for refunds. Stock market gains or losses consequently help to swell or diminish national revenue—a considerable factor in a country where in boom times everyone is in the market. The deficits in bad years are offset by the surpluses in good years.

During the eight years of prosperity, Mr. Mellon managed to retire £1,000,000,000 of public debt and convert about as much again to a lower interest-bearing basis. The British public debt is £6,600,000,000, the American £3,200,000,000, the French £2,300,000,000. British taxation is £150 per head, French £56, and America only £27. A writing down of war debts, which help the American budget to the tune of £50,000,000 a year, would thus not hurt America greatly. The American taxpayers would have to foot the bill. But the money originally was not taken out of America. It was all spent in the country on war stores and munitions at war-time high prices. America benefited enormously. She was enabled to improve her national equipment, make huge foreign loans which helped her trade, accelerate her economic penetration of Latin-America.

Still, the American majority agree with Senator Moses of New Hampshire: "There is no better rejoinder on the question of debts than that uttered in the catarrhal words of a former President who hailed from New England, who said: 'They hired the money, didn't they?'" The suggestion that, having drawn in goods and commodities, the debtors might repay in kind, will not penetrate this line of thought; although it has been suggested, and is being suggested, that Britain might pay at least part of her debt by trading the West Indies, and perhaps also Jamaica and the Bahamas off Florida; those acquisitions would consolidate American holdings in the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico, Americanize all these seas, and cover the Panama Canal zone effectively from the Atlantic side.

America is more annoyed with France in this debts matter than with Britain, who is squeezed between the two. France they see in relatively good shape, and with £600,000,000 worth of gold in her subterranean vaults, more than £100,000,000 of that metal having been withdrawn at inconvenient times from American stocks. Why, demands the American majority, cannot France pay in gold? And the Government cannot give any sort of satisfactory reply.

AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN GENERAL DAWES, *who may be put up as the next presidential candidate and whose personality is even now being exploited as chairman and humanizer of the new gigantic £200,000,000 Finance Corporation. He is here seen with his wife and daughter*

Some detached observers think that the American business position will get worse and wake the American majority up to the fact of the interdependence of nations. Is it possible? America's foreign trade has fallen like a parachute. She is still, however, a creditor nation on balance. A £70,000,000 favourable balance of trade is not much, but it is better than an adverse trade balance.

Such balances, though, can be quickly wiped out. Foreign competitors of America with depreciated currencies are driving to regain a portion of the world trade America after the War captured by using her advantageous position and weight of money. America's plant, geared to high production, makes enormous losses when it turns at half capacity.

But further losses may only harden the American attitude as expressed by Congress. To-day, Americans demand of their Government a concentration upon internal affairs, on the assumption that, come what may outside, America is strong enough to stand on her own feet, is safer standing that way than she would be linking arms with the outside world, and that the Government can largely contribute to the realization of this happy dream of self-contained prosperity by such measures as the new £200,000,000 Finance Corporation.

Washington, which six months ago was making a tentative effort to move into the arena of world co-operation, has thus been forced to withdraw, while Republican spokesmen have been trying to regain lost ground by throwing the spot-light on administration measures for renderingAmerica immune from a collapse or series of collapses in the outer world.

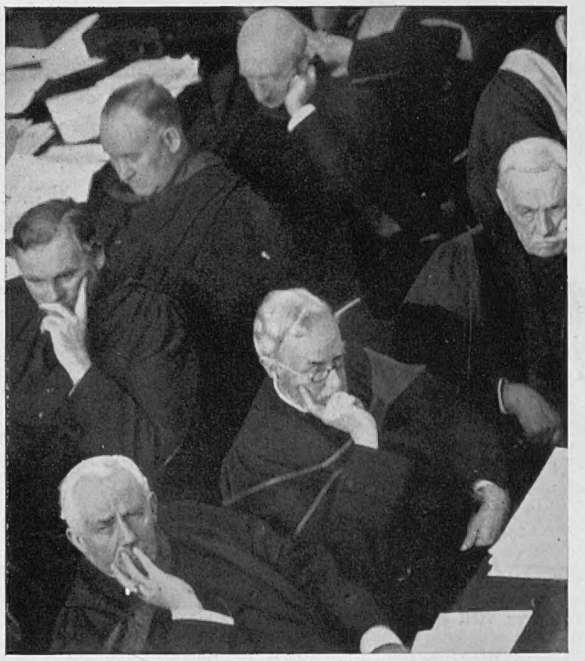
And this policy will be held on to and probably stiffened by the Democrats if they win the Senate and, after it, the Presidency. It will be American policy for just so long as the enlightened leaders cannot use a change of heart in Europe as a lever to shift the isolationists from their dominance of the American mind. It has been said by a cynical publicist that Europe is very foolish not to offer America a measure of disarmament in exchange for war debt revision, because Europe ought to be clever enough to frame such a measure without impairing its ability to continue its feuds in the realm of war if it wants to. But that is a cynic's view. . . .

So General Dawes leaves us to join in the big political battle which is being joined in his country. He is, of course, a banker by profession, one of the Chicago group. The great Finance Corporation which he is to head is a delicate and dangerous mechanism, created by political expediency. General Dawes, however, will not be doing much of the executive work. With his gift for dramatizing and humanizing things, his job will be to exploit it for what it is worth, while quiet, industrious fellows, men like Mr. Owen D. Young and Mr. Hugh Gibson, do the work behind his imposing façade.

It, and the General, are the best trump cards the hard-pressed Republican leaders can see in their hand at present. And if that corporation, which brings Government to the aid of a private credit system that has partially broken down, does not materially relieve the American international situation, the next tenant of the White House is not likely to be a member of the Republican Party.

CONFERENCES AND OTHER MATTERS

A VICTIM OF THE STORM: The three-masted motor-schooner *Hawarden Castle*, belonging to Chester, drove during the recent heavy weather on to the north beach at Yarmouth. Two tugs and a motor life-boat immediately put out to her assistance. All four vessels are seen here within a stone's throw of the beach



CONCENTRATING DELEGATES to the Convocation of Canterbury at Church House, Westminster

THE GREATEST AIR-LINER IN THE WORLD was inaugurated a few days ago at Croydon. The *Helena* is a 38-seater and is now *en route* to the Cape with Air Vice-Marshal Sir Vyell Vyvyan and Lady Vyvyan on board. *Helena* will be employed exclusively on the London to the Cape route

"SWEET AND BITTER": Lady Dunn (left), who organized the Noel Coward Medley Matinée at the Saville Theatre, holds a cocktail party for her co-workers

AVE CÆSAR! Messrs. Baliol Holloway (Cassius), Godfrey Tearle (Antony), Oscar Asche (Casca), and Lyn Harding (Cæsar), who, with Mr. Basil Gill (Brutus), are seen discussing the Julius Cæsar production at His Majesty's

VISUAL BIDDING: The difficulties of language in the Crockford's v. Holland and Germany Contract Bridge Match, in which three club teams are engaged, were overcome at one table by this device which eliminates both disputes and inadvertent inflexional indications

BARCLAYS BANK meeting was notable for the warning to America and France against gold hoarding issued by Mr. F. C. Goodenough, the chairman

AUSTRALIA *throws off the* LABOUR YOKE

ANTIPODEAN SKYSCRAPERS: An aerial view of the Circular Quay, Sydney. Shortly after the opening of the Harbour Bridge Dr. Bradfield's scheme for the Quay Station and the overhead roadway will be carried into effect, which will materially alter the foreground of this view

LIFE-SAVERS: A quartette of the sun-tanned and sturdy "surf life-savers" riding the breakers. These men are specially equipped for their job, which is both highly skilled and extremely necessary, so popular is surf-bathing. The life-boat is specially constructed to cope with surf conditions

TO BE OPENED IN MARCH: The Sydney Harbour Bridge may be opened by the King by wireless from Buckingham Palace. The bridge has been built by Messrs. Dorman Long and Co.

A SURF-BEAUTY COMPETITION: Some of the entrants in the Bondi *v.* Manby surf girl beauty competition held at Sydney recently

There has been a steady rise in the financial health of Australia since the recent elections which were as fully remarkable as those in this country in demonstrating a determination to be done with a Labour yoke which threatened financial and industrial catastrophe. The anti-Socialist vote in the Federal Parliament now numbers 57 against a Labour vote of 18 made up of 14 official Labour and 4 Beasley group, these 4 members representing the policy of Mr. Lang, the late Premier of New South Wales, who himself no longer sits in the Federal Parliament. The Senate contains 26 anti-Socialist votes against 10 Labour votes. Since the election returns became known there has been a strong rise in Australian securities, the most acid test of any community's financial status. One of the most interesting events in coming Australian history will be the opening of the great Sydney Bridge. This big project has taken some six years to come to fruition and was started some time previously to the beginning of the recent Lang Labour regime. The great bridge will be opened next month by Sir Philip Game, the Governor of New South Wales. As the years come and go there is increasing testimony that a very fine White race in the physical sense is rising on the great Antipodean Continent. The two pictures given here will give ocular demonstration of this interesting phenomenon.

THE RIVIERA IS

THE HOUR OF THE *APÉRITIF*: A busy scene during cocktail time on the terrace of the Café de Paris, near the Casino, Monte Carlo

PING-PONG IN THE SUN is one of the most popular of the many inexpensive Riviera pastimes

WINTER SPORTS ON THE RIVIERA are available, as is shown by this picture taken only 50 miles from Nice

DEVOTEES OF APOLLO enjoying the winter, but by no means wintry, sunshine on the Côte d'Azur

It seems that in a recent article I overlooked rather an important matter which is just at present apt to be in lots of people's minds.

Sun.

Boiled down, this is how the matter arose. Friends said, "I read your piece about all quiet in the sun, but doesn't it strike you that the chief thing is that there *is* sun? The fact of the matter is that you're *blasé*, always able to dodge in and out of it—the sun—and so you don't understand what an extraordinarily important part sunshine plays for people pitched into gloom half the year, if not for more. The Riviera will have to be much less attractive than it is for our people not to want to return to it in droves just as soon as they can afford to in keeping with their conscience and pocket."

And then I heard other things—such as that some people of a certain age, of frail physique, and whose example in staying in England had already had full effect, were actually thinking of departing sunwards at no great financial drain to the nation. And the thought did occur that perhaps we may have overdone things a wee bit, that quite a number of people could be granted the social dispensation of a few weeks of Provençal spring in the room of bleak and perilous February and March in England. Lord Riddell has estimated that we habitually spend £30,000,000 annually in foreign travel. It is a fearsome figure, and I don't know how his lordship arrived at it—unless he includes all travel, business as well, and to the ends of the earth—but it must be fairly obvious that the type of ageing people who miss the southern sun just hereabouts do not make very great inroads into that formidable sum. In fact, not a few may say, "We think you ought to go."

Concerning the sun, here is a letter from Cannes:

"All that you say about the Riviera having been over-produced may be so, but the fact remains: where else within reasonable distance of England can you have two months, since November, of almost uninterrupted sunshine? That is what the majority of people come here for, and they'll put up with a deal in order to have it. It so happens that this season has been exceptional so far—the luck of the game! After domestic fog and 'flu and slush, bronchitis, and a few more things, I defy you to find better value than a morning on the Croisette here, and that costs nothing. There is no need to spend money hand-over-fist. No one is doing it this year, even if they could, and the circumstance is well understood by the natives, or rather, they are now growing used to the change."

And there follows a lot about prices. I shall come to prices presently, since rather a strange situation appears to have arisen locally. My immediate point is to reinstate the Sun. All honour to him! It is perfectly true that many years of dodging about has rendered me sun-blasé. I hardly notice the blessed thing now, and confess that grey or blowy days in England—good slashing rain, sometimes by the seaside—arrest my attention more. And as no one can take the sun from the Riviera and the quest of the sun will continue, it is fairly safe to say that the Côte d'Azur is certain to make a come-back in the near future.

The interesting point is—when and under what conditions? It being no less sure that certain freak aspects which have prevailed since the War have definitely gone for good. Those aspects were part and parcel of the jazz age that has also died. It depended too much upon a wild and irresponsible extravagance, amounting to mania on the part of the few. If X dropped 10,000,000 francs at baccarat, that was what was wanted, not a thousand non-spending "small" visitors. Now the latter are required, inasmuch as X and his ilk would seem to have faded out for the time being. The period of change is bound to be painful, but in that the Riviera is experiencing no more than all of us.

This gambling side of life in the sun dominates matters currently. What is to be the future of "chemi" and baccarat and roulette and the rest? Vast new gambling places have been added to the coast in recent times, and will probably soon be crowded! Particularly there is the new Sporting Club at Monte Carlo. It is a massive affair about the size of the whole Carlton Hotel—His Majesty's block. Of dazzling white, and with the customary fabulous windows, it dwarfs everything in sight—even the world-famous casino which faces it! This goes to show what the responsible authorities think of the possibilities of gambling!

It is easy to consider only the evil that play does. It so happens that much of the gaiety of a season is provided out of casino earnings after the State has taken its fill. Fêtes, new sporting facilities, the laying out of gardens, better lighting, roads, come out of the tables, in part, at any rate. But casino taxation heretofore—I believe as high as 66 per cent.—has been crippling. This is now being considerably reduced as a result of several places threatening to shut up shop, so that the various casinos may conceivably have more to allocate to improvements. By which one does not imply more building. Not another brick should be placed in position on the Riviera without due cogitation. Already the curious spectacle is to be witnessed on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice of a huge apartment—rotunda, that had only reached the skeleton stage—being literally torn down to a reduced form to the racket of a dozen pneumatic drills. The natives gaze up at the phenomenon—part of Nice being pulled down before it had been put in use—and it gives them to think.

To show how determined the Riviera authorities are to introduce every possible improvement, there is the matter of purifying the waters which lap the shores of the Azure Coast.

What the Riviera may miss in winter extravagance, and in a lessening of winter visitors generally, it stands to gain by a sensible development of its spring, summer, and autumn seasons. There are really only two months—mid-July to mid-September—when the Blue Coast is hardly nice, too hot and airless; yet here, again, one has to bear in mind that lots of people choose those very weeks for their holiday on the golden grill of Juan and kindred places. It is all a matter of taste.

The cleansing of the sea is a matter which is now engaging the attention of the Riviera authorities. Because of currents it is no easy task, but what was done at Juan can be repeated elsewhere even if the cost be greater. It came to over £100,000 to render the water at Juan limpid—but look at the return! The Mayor of Nice has now got Paris engineers on the job—at long last—but the necessary *nettoyage* refers to the whole coast. Since 1900 Nice has risen from being the 18th to the 5th town in France, from some 40,000 to 220,000 inhabitants, and its waste system is now being improved.

One trouble on the Riviera has been ill-judged spending. Here is a peerless coast, with funds all too often going on the wrong things. There is the case of a whole suburb built above Nice, a faubourg of pretty villas. When it was built, the discovery was made that the water supply was as good as non-present. That, of course, was the builders' fault.

THE RAMPARTS OF MONACO provide walks from which to view the azure sea

In somewhat like case, more than once Riviera residents have said to me, "The only place I'd put money into on this coast now is St. Maxime, but not until it gets a water supply." St. Maxime, by all accounts, could be made into a bigger and better Juan-les-Pins, the latter already crowded out and tending to become almost *too* popular.

St. Maxime certainly is the beauty spot of the coast. On the lovely bay of St. Tropez, it has kilometres of sand and pine woods coming right down to the sea. Why is it not sensibly developed for an

THE WINNER OF THE MONACO GRAND PRIX: The jockey, Cervo, with the trainer of the Weil Piccard stable, M. Wallace Davis

PREPARATIONS NIVAL: Touch huge figures to famous Riviera

COMING BACK

The Sun—Combined with Sane Co-operation of the Natives and Generous Treatment of the Visitor—will Draw the Great Cosmopolitan Throng Once Again to the Côte d'Azur

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE HOTEL MONT MOUNIER at Beuil is the great rendezvous for winter sport enthusiasts on the Riviera. Buses from the chief resorts run there daily

April-October clientele? It is the kind of place people of the Nineteen Thirties desire. They want elbow room, the feel of freedom, perpetual sun and sea and peace; the frillings of fun and frolic they are well able to provide themselves, with a minimum of outside assistance. The Nineteen Thirties cannot afford to take a chance with their holidays. They want to be sure of the weather in advance. And they want a place they can get to rapidly; more and more so by air. Unfortunately, the Alps and the Rhone Valley are not good aerial pathways, but the time cannot be far distant when other craft will deal with them in daily regularity.

A person who has done much for the Riviera, Mr. Frank J. Gould, might well turn his attention to St. Maxime and like spots, if he has not already done so. Only the other day he opened up a thorough-paced winter sports centre at Mont Mounier, some ten or twelve miles up in the mountains by a good road. Hardly a good year to do so, yet the idea is sound—of allowing people to span all the sporting sensations, this highly nervous age of achievement. More prosaically, this Riviera magnate from over the Atlantic is also interested in local opera and he was a prime mover in the astonishing new casino at Nice and in Juan's development. In fact one supposes he is the one of the six most important people on the Blue Coast to-day.

Ch. Cresp
CANNES USES ESPERANTO as well as French for its street signs

Let him, then, bestow his attention on simple though effective matters if the Riviera is to make a swift return to custom and favour. Simple things such as noise and uglification, for instance. The general din is thoroughly superfluous and more noticeable than elsewhere inasmuch as one of the Riviera's charms was its calm. In England now it is not done to make a noise; the gentle tooting of motors has arrived to stay. The excitable Meridional cannot be tamed so easily, but a beginning could be made on the lines of pointing out to him that every unnecessary noise he makes deprives him of centimes. Open exhausts, especially of motor-cycles, may drive more people from the Riviera than its "animators" would imagine. And the worst of it is that it goes on all night, only in lesser degree.

A pleasure of France is that its laws are not always made to be meticulously obeyed. For example, everyone crosses the railway line in stations, despite threatening notices. Some laws, however, ought to be enforced in the natives' own interest, now that *le tourisme* has become such a vital industry (number five, nationally), and first and foremost of these laws-to-be-obeyed I would put that appertaining to noise, so wanton is the abuse to-day.

In regard to uglification, excessive ribbon building has marred much beautiful scenery, but what mars it more is the barring out of beautiful scenery by hoardings stretching for dozens of miles in all directions along the roads. Something assuredly should be done about these hoardings which freely defeat their own object by offending people.

The scenery along the coast from Marseilles to Menton and beyond may be, is unmatched of its kind; this scenery probably comes next to and after the sun, as magnet, and therefore it must be guarded jealously. The offence to the eye is much the same in the outlying resorts and ports as on the "big" Riviera proper.

THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS at Nice again presents its usual crowded aspect

The "big" Riviera has tended in latter years to become the vast sun or pleasure city foreseen by H. G. Wells as the relaxing retreat of the future, and this has not been without its disadvantages, notably in hurtling motor traffic, as the whole seventy-mile strip separating St. Raphaël from Menton—upon which H. G. looks down from Grasse—has become closely knit together.

Some of the motoring, usually by lorry and *camionette* drivers, can be fierce and it might well be severely held in check. Along this strip may reside, all told, 350,000 people, of whom a seventh, or some 50,000, have become settlers since the War.

The amenities of the coast have extended to meet the requirements of a host of these residents, forming a no less valuable economic body than the hotel visitors. Country clubs, beaches, fine cinemas, cabarets, cafés and restaurants galore, gambling places, "dancings," theatres, and music-halls, have sprung to life all along the coast. Nowhere in Europe are there such aids to distraction.

It is a totally different Riviera from the one of long ago. For one who went then, fifty are there to-day—or would be in a normal season. But these people (like the majority of hotel visitors) are not all bulging with money and more attention might be paid to them. Just now there is a good deal of complaining over prices. And here a word requires to be said in favour of the hotels. If these cannot radically reduce prices in keeping with depreciation elsewhere, one reason is that they are being "held up" by the tradespeople who refuse to reduce *their* prices to the hotels, much less so to the thousands of foreign residents, not a few of whom may have to move on unless things get easier. The position is such now, I understand, that the hotel people are threatening to run a co-operative society, with produce brought in from far afield, unless the tradespeople relent.

THE SPORT OF KINGS is witnessed by many Royalties, especially at the Grand Prix of Monaco

So, the wheels within wheels of this necessary coast — necessary for those who are sun-worshippers, who revel in a luminous atmosphere, who like to watch the most intriguing of human spectacles from a chair on the promenade. Yes, that surely constitutes one of the Riviera's steady attractions—the infinitely curious passing *potpourri* of all types and nationalities. Just now we are not too numerous. (It is odd, incidentally, to note some of the nice things that are being said in our absence—such as the discovery that Englishwomen can have *chic*.) Yes, without a doubt *les Anglais* will be missed on the Blue Coast for the tone they gave it, aside from their spending (and they spent much more than certain other and more spectacular citizens). A cordial welcome awaits us when we can return in bigger numbers.

The different future must be faced. Prices must be adjusted so as to agree more with the world figure. The era of get-rich-quick-and-sell-out has gone. Noise and uglification should be tackled, as they can be. The stage is now really set for delightful summers, and the Riviera can advance strongly towards further expansion and embellishment. It already has every possible thing it could require in the construction line. Let its "animators" now concentrate on some of the matters mentioned above. With such constant allies as local sun and scenery, they can hardly fail to maintain the popularity of the coast when money once again flows more freely.

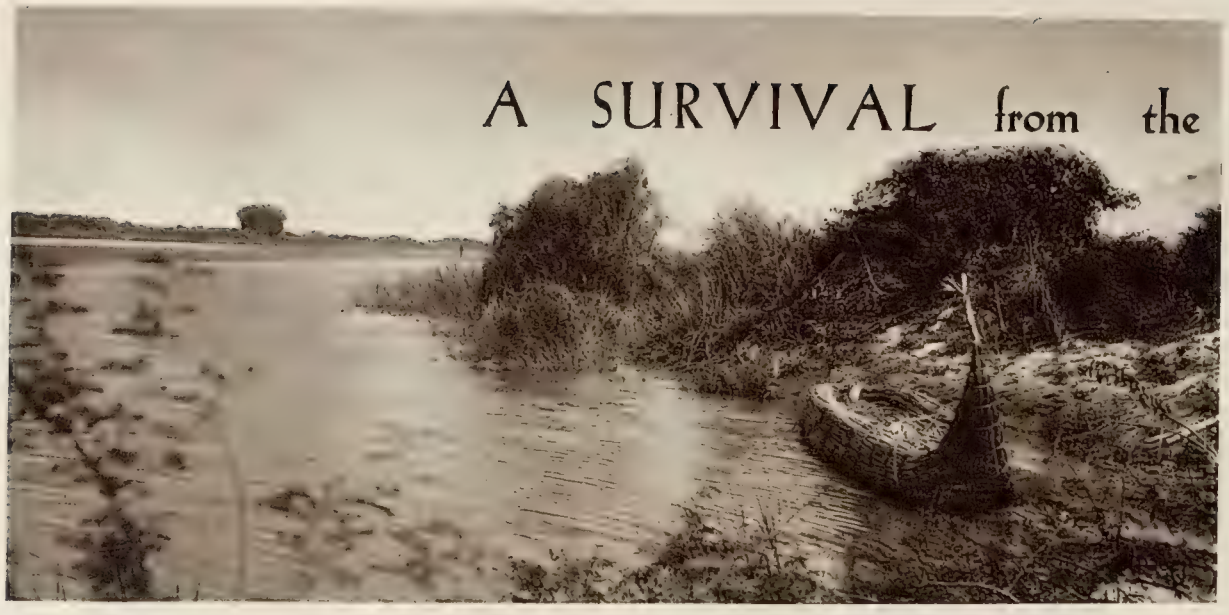
FOR THE NICE CARing-up one of the be borne in the procession

A RIVIERA STAR: Mlle Madeleine Keltie, a star of the famous Monte Carlo Opera, caught by the camera on the Riviera

THE HALLS OF CHANCE: Despite the lure of the sun, the gaming tables are never, by any means, deserted!

A SURVIVAL from the PHARAOHS

Reed Boats of Africa



THE TRANSPORT OF LAKE CHAD: In the foreground is a papyrus canoe of the type characteristic of the district. These craft are used for the general transport of merchandise and have developed a definite prow and a distinct canoe formation. They are propelled, like punts, by poles—not paddles—as the waters in this district are very shallow

THE CRAFT OF THE SHILLUK is made of ambatch, a buoyant wood lighter than cork. So light is it, in fact, that a man can carry his canoe on his back—a valuable property in so marshy a country. Ambatch is unsinkable, and craftsmen will often be found sitting at water level. The form of these boats might have come straight from an Egyptian tomb painting

TRANSPORT OF A THOUSAND YEARS AGO: A native papyrus canoe on the Hadeija River, North Nigeria, being propelled with an (untipped) punt-pole along the shallow water

RAFTS OF ABYSSINIA: This type of craft can scarcely be designated as a canoe. It is the only type of boat in Africa to utilize the doubled-bladed paddle

REPAIRS TO THE FLEET: A scene on Lake Abyata, Abyssinia. The small canoe-like rafts are constructed by the Watta and used for fishing. They are made from bundles of papyrus bound together fore and aft. It is conjectured that Abyssinia was the centre from which the ancient Egyptian style of boat building—still extant throughout Africa—was diffused

On the Benue river there is a story that a hippopotamus one day demanded milk from the grandmother of Nzeanzo, their great culture-hero, and killed her because she had drunk it all. Nzeanzo then—very properly—killed the hippopotamus, which at its last gasp decreed that from that day no one should ever cross the Benue except with the aid of wood. And this led to the invention of the canoe.

The dug-out is the type of canoe most generally associated with Africa, though canoes of sewn planks also have a wide distribution; but of greater interest than any of these are the canoes (illustrated on this page) made of ambatch or papyrus. This canoe is the forerunner of the wooden canoe, and it dates back to the distant days when Egypt was flourishing and held command of the Nile valley. Its distribution suggests that the nomad fishing tribes, which to-day inhabit the lakes of Africa and very possibly had a common origin, were the agents of its diffusion to their Bantu and Nilotic neighbours. In course of time the type was modified to suit the local environments, and thus we find that on the Shari and Hadeija rivers (and in the Lake Chad region generally), where they are used for the general transport of merchandise, they have developed distinct prows and a definitely canoe-like build, while punt-poles provide the means of propulsion in the shallow rivers. In Abyssinia, however, which may well have been the centre of diffusion, the Watta make smaller rafts (they can hardly be called canoes) for fishing, constructing them of bundles of papyrus, which they bind together fore and aft. These small craft are navigated with paddles over the deep lakes, and afford the only example known of the double-bladed paddle in Africa.

The Shilluk, however, have improved on the material by substituting ambatch *(Herminiera elaphroxylon)* for papyrus. This is a very buoyant wood, lighter than cork, so that a man can carry his canoe on his back—a very important asset in a country which is more than half a morass intersected with islands. This tree grows in the swamps, and is as thick as a man's waist at the base, tapering to a point. A number of these branches are lashed securely together, and the points are tied with cord, the body of the raft splaying out to a width of 4 ft. and allowing room for one or two people, who with their loads are often sitting actually flush with the river. On one occasion the explorer, Schweinfurth, encountered a hostile flotilla consisting of some three thousand of these canoes in motion on the river.

The ambatch is not only light, but quite unsinkable, and that is why its wood is used by many tribes as floats. Among the Lango of Uganda, for example, the children use floats of ambatch in order to learn how to swim, and the name by which ambatch is known to them is, significantly, *boda*, the thing that distracts, that delays the children from coming home. If we return to the Chad region we find the Buduma using ambatch floats, and it is probably due to the fact that they require larger canoes to transport their merchandise (for an ambatch canoe cannot exceed 9 ft. in length and is very unstable) that they have not there substituted ambatch for papyrus in their construction. Nevertheless, these floats that the Buduma use are really the first step in the development of water transport. For every man and woman carries one of these ambatch floats as his constant companion. It is nothing more than a log, about eight feet in length, with one end curved to act like a prow. It rises a few inches out of the water, and the Buduma bestrides it and propels it with an over-arm action "at the speed of a fast runner." As MacLeod remarked, it is a conveyance which requires a nicety of balance—a comment, indeed, which is no less true of the Shilluk skiff.

These canoes of reed and ambatch are widely distributed and occur even among tribes which have developed navigation to a higher level. J. H. D.

AN AFRICAN CATTLE MARKET

THE SUBJECTS OF SALE: Cattle driven into the auction ring at Ndareda, one of the notable centres in Tanganyika territory for livestock markets. Such markets as these used to be inspected by European members of the Veterinary Department, but they are now supervised mainly by natives. One inspector (in fez) is seen above on left

PULLING HER WEIGHT! The cook's wife carried a not inconsiderable load during our correspondent's safari in Tanganyika

WHERE ONCE WAS A ROAD! Wambulu porters crossing a marsh. Roads, excellent in 1929, were washed away in the rains of 1930 and have not yet been made up. The escarpment is the west wall of the Great Rift Valley

FINE FEATHERS! An elder of the Wambulu tribe—a progressive clan living near the Masai country—in a headdress made of wild ostrich feathers

THE RESTAURANT: There were five eating places at the cattle fair at Ndareda. Curry, rice, stewed meat, and tea formed the staple items of diet. Near the Masai country, Ndareda is frequented largely by the Wambulu tribe

THE ROSTRUM: The auctioneer at the cattle market of Ndareda sits on a primitive dais to offer the beasts. Some years ago the buyers were nearly all Somalis, but lately the Wambulus—one of the most progressive of African tribes—are also among the purchasers

BUYING CLOTH: Not only cattle are sold in the cattle market of Ndareda, for the occasion is taken advantage of by other traders to display their wares to a considerable concourse of people

CHINESE BARNSTORMERS

THE STILTED COMPANY: There is a *double entendre* in this phrase, for not only do the actors (there are no actresses in an itinerant Chinese company, for they are still in the stage of Thespian evolution analogous to the Elizabethan theatre) walk on stilts, but their technique is formalized—as is every activity in China—to the semblance of an almost heraldic rite. Every line is spoken in falsetto with a sing-song intonation

A VERSATILE TEAM: These stilt-walkers dance, play a strange football, and juggle with great facility while mounted on their lofty footgear

THE FLAGMEN: This is one of the famous stand-bys among Chinese itinerant theatre turns. The effectiveness with which the great sheets are manipulated excites much admiration. Other traditional turns are stilt-runners, jugglers, and conjurers

"PRIMA DONNA"! As in the primitive European theatre, so in the traditional Chinese theatre, only men may act—even in female rôles

Pictures by Bosshard

THE PRIMITIVE "MOVIES" OF CHINA: A peep or raree show replaces for the mass of Celestials (save in the great centres where cinemas abound) the "flickers." The native product is reminiscent of those machines on the piers of the Occident where a series of successive views gives the illusion of movement by the turning of a handle

"Tamasha — Tamasha!" The cry resounds through the streets of the towns and villages of West China as soon as the itinerant theatre, the barnstormers, draw nigh, in procession. Young and old run after the theatre wagon decorated with coloured flowers and birds in painted cages: for herein are hidden the secrets of the Chinese theatre art. When the town gate is reached the "clown" jumps down from the wagon and leads it, loudly chanting in a sing-song monotone the praises of the great event and the acts never-before-seen of the troupe. All the while he plays the fool, snatching caps off watchers' heads and making them disappear entirely, to be found later in the pockets of simple townsmen, and such like tricks. The buffoon may do as he likes; no one takes offence at his foolery which, however, is sometimes overdone. And when the "Tamasha" begins everybody in town and countryside is afoot, for it may be years before these players come again, and who knows if one will then still be living!

The curtain does not exist in the West Chinese theatre; those actors who are not actually acting sit in a corner of the stage, eat their rice, and wait for their cue. This does not disturb the audience. They have the ability of sinking themselves so deeply in the play as to forget the world around and themselves.

On the Chinese stage all the parts are taken by males, and all speak in a shrill falsetto sing-song — the female impersonators accentuating the shrillness. A feature of the barnstormers' repertoire, apart from the traditional or "classic" plays, is the acrobatic dancing, in which the players are expert, their evolutions being executed at tremendous speed; indeed, one wonders that they do not whirl off the rickety stage. The banner-wavers, in their comic dances, and stilt-walkers are the joy of the youthful part of the audience who have smuggled themselves into the circle, and the greatest ambition of the youngsters is to have a chance to imitate the eccentricities so cleverly performed by these "giants." The stilt-walkers are the jugglers of the troupe as well as the team in a strange (dramatic) form of football.

An amusing convention is preserved in relation to all forms of movable scenery; for instance, carriages and horses are represented by a pole held horizontally by a player, with a small boy holding one end and prancing about in imitation of a horse, and an over-dressed "coachman" walking in all state at the other end; comic relief is provided by the antics of the boy and his driver.

Meanwhile the orchestra keeps up a tremendous jangle, though at the end of the play the musicians may give the lute player a chance with his dancing (wooden) sheep.

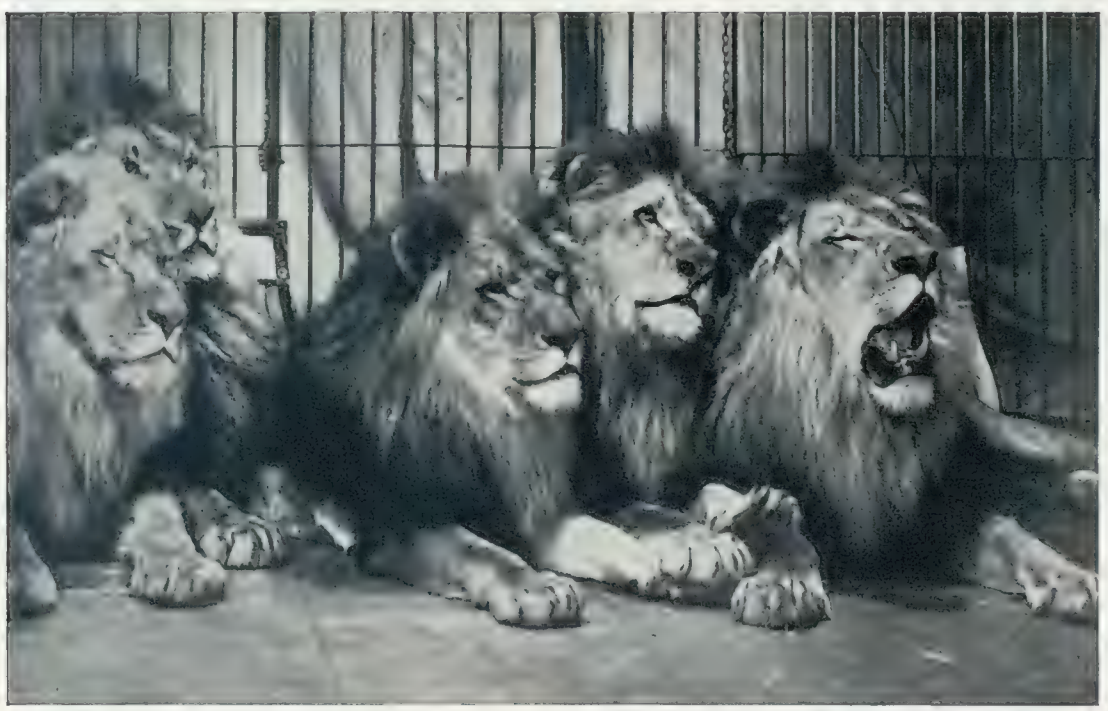
Sophisticated theatre patrons obtain the repertoire book and choose a favourite piece. The name of the selector is then announced, and after the piece has been played, the *prima donna*, a man who plays the female part, presents himself to the patron and inquires how the rendition has pleased him—and awaits the reward! This takes place while a new dance is set in motion, or jugglers disturb the peace with their shrill whistling. The amount of the reward is also announced from the stage, and if it is not so high as expected, the announcer, after giving thanks, raises the reward to a fixed sum so that further selections will bring about an average. To give less than the figure mentioned is bad taste. And who, in this land of courtesy, dares act with bad grace?

GREAT CATS

Some New Studies

INFANTILE FEROCITY: A three-weeks-old tiger cub expresses his disapproval of the fashion in which his keeper holds him. This picture was taken at the Krone Circus, Germany

"STOP YOUR TICKLING": The baby tiger seen prefers to be held in this position . . . . to that on the left



NOT BY LANDSEER BUT BY NATURE: A quintette of leonine majesty such as would have delighted, and inspired the brush of, the great animal painter of the nineteenth century. The picture was taken at a studio at Isleworth where no fewer than seven of the kings of the animal world played in a British film

THE OLD TRAVELLING MENAGERIE: Now that Bostock and Wombwell's menagerie has been merged in the Whipsnade Zoo after over a century of independent existence, this picture has an additional interest as a record of the type of show which delighted the days of our youth. This picture was taken on the last tour of Bostock's as a separate entity

EQUILIBRIUM TIGRINUM: A balancing feat which proved one of the great thrills of the 1931–32 circus at Olympia. The tigers' docility proved a revelation

ROGUE LIONS: A cage on the lion farm at El Monte, California, which supplies the film studios with lions. These rogues take a delight in rending dummy figures into a thousand pieces

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THE WHEELS OF COMMERCE IN LONDON CITY

DEALING IN FLOATING CARGOES: A scene on the Baltic Exchange, St. Mary Axe. The oil crowd gathers to the left of the cupola; the speculative buyers meet in a corner on the right of the entrance; the few timber men gather elsewhere. Unlike other Exchanges, the Baltic is a place of conversation, not pandemonium through an amplifier!

When the Editor of THE SPHERE suggested that I should go down to the City and observe how the wheels of commerce are set in motion each morning I had only the vaguest idea of what I should see on the Tea Market, the Metal Exchange, the Rubber Exchange, the Baltic, and elsewhere. I knew vaguely that the business of the various Exchanges started and was carried on for many years in the old-time coffee-houses, of which there were more than 2,000 at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Each coffee-house, I have since learnt, had its own particular name which generally indicated the trade carried on by the merchant traders, ship captains, and brokers who used the house. Chief among them were Garraway's, where tea was first sold in England; Nando's, The Jamaica, The Virginia, Dick's, The Rainbow, Button's, and Tom's. In 1675 Charles II decided to close them all because they were hotbeds of politics, but he was persuaded to change his mind, and it was not until many years later that the majority of these coffee-houses disappeared. But even now it is perfectly apparent to the casual visitor how business in the various exchanges had its origin in groups of men collecting in coffee-houses.

Take, for example, the ground floor of the London Commercial Salerooms in Mincing Lane. You go in through a couple of glass doors and find yourself in a large, bare hall that looks like the dingy ante-room of a dilapidated casino. There is a dingy glass cupola overhead, and at the far end a few of those wooden easels on which financial newspapers are kept in files. There are about a hundred men in the room, some in hats and some uncovered. Half-a-dozen are talking negligently by the left-hand fireplace. They rather look as though they are discussing what will win the 2.30 and do not mind very much, anyway. In actual fact, though you would never guess it, the world's prices of copra are being fixed automatically by the business that this knot of men is discussing.

There is another bunch of men "going into a huddle" by the fireplace opposite them. That is the shellac market. Millions of pounds' worth have been sold by that fireplace. There is no ring round it. There is no plaque, tablet, memorial, inscription, or anything else to tell you what is going on there. It is simply the evolution of the old coffee-house conferences. You have never seen anything so informal in your life. It would shake the average American business man into sixteen different fits. Nobody knows why those particular fireplaces were originally chosen by the leading world's traders of those two international commodities. It is equally a mystery why the cocoa kings talk in their millions always behind those newspaper easels. And why should the jute kings gather together in twos and threes at the farthest end of the dingy hall by the glass doors leading into the restaurant? Perhaps it is to get as far away as possible from the sugar brokers, who sit with crossed knees in a corner of the hall nearest to Mincing Lane and opposite the telephone boxes. There they lounge, waiting for the sugar calls which occur promptly at 10.30 a.m., 3.15 p.m., and 4.15 p.m.

Walking disconsolately to and fro are the spicemen. They have no particular section of the dingy floor on which to talk business. I met one of them—a fellow who had been at school with me—wanting to sell 10 tons of pepper. Slowly he walked round the three or four gloomy red marble pillars seeking a client, but none came. Then I talked to a sugar broker who had been at the University with me.

"What do you hope will happen to you today?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "Perhaps some bank in Prague will telephone to say that it wants to hedge 2,000 tons of sugar, and instruct me to sell at best. You never can tell. In any case, if sterling goes up, trade drops, and if sterling goes down the prices rise too high."

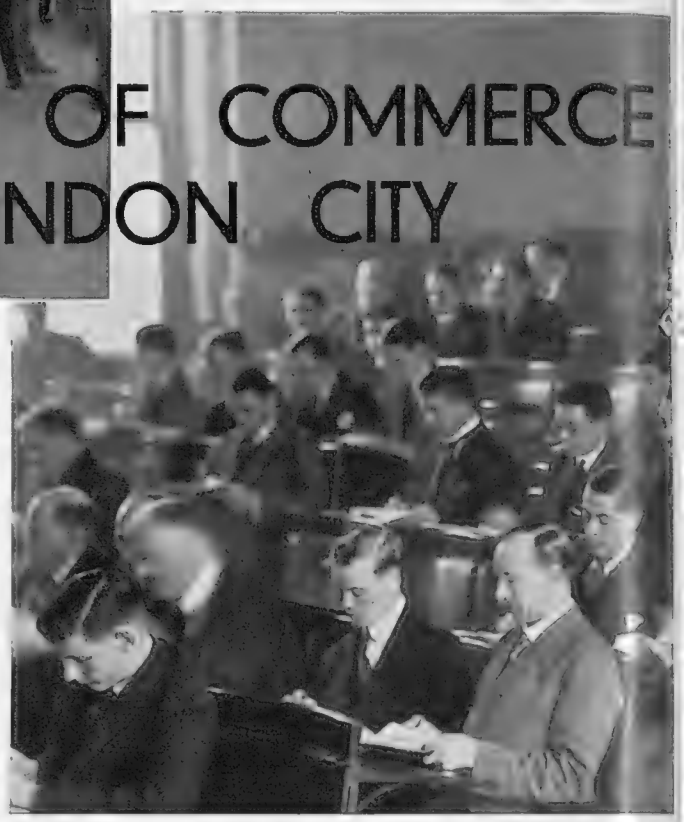
I felt like buying him a drink just to cheer his spirits, but I had a rendezvous on the top floor of the same building where a big auction of tea was taking place.

This was the most exciting event in a crowded day. London is still the tea-centre of the world. Something like 4,250,000 packages of tea are sold every year here, and there is on an average 110 lb. in every package; 2,000,000 come from North India, 1,250,000 from Ceylon, and the rest is from South India and the Dutch East Indies. The tea can range in price from 4d. a lb. to 25s. 6d. This latter, known as Flowery Orange Pekoe, is used only for blending purposes, and would probably be almost undrinkable. Certainly it would be quite outside the ordinary palate.

WHERE COMMERCE IS DONE TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF PRACTICAL JOKES AND FRIVOLOUS GAMES: A scene on the Rubber Exchange, Mincing Lane, where acute industrial depression is dispelled by the high spirits of the traders

But come with me in the great lift to the top floor of the London Commercial Salerooms. You enter a room that looks like a mammoth public school classroom. Rows of desks descend in tiers towards a wooden rostrum, which is also faced left and right by other rows of desks. The desks have tip-up seats. Everybody smokes. Many people keep their hats on. There are three "masters" at the rostrum, with a clerk on either side of them. But otherwise the feeling of being in a classroom is complete. Everybody in the room has his work-book—in this instance a catalogue of the tea which is being sold—in front of him. The auction begins. You look at your catalogue which says "Indian Tea at — per lb., to advance ¼d. Assam Tea by order of the Jokai Assam Tea Co., Ltd. Muttuck Division at Butler's Wharf. Factory bulked in veneer packages. Lot 241. Box 294. 36 chs. Pek. Fnngs. 4,680 lbs." This means, roughly, that there are 36 chests of a low-grade tea to be disposed of. At once there is a series of loud yells which make the stranger nearly jump out of his tip-up seat. It sounds like "Three, eight. Yep. I want some." Then smack goes the hammer—all within twenty-five seconds—and the auctioneer is off to the next lot. Quickly you discover that the auctioneer is also a buyer, which makes it all very confusing, for he, too, is a tea-broker.

After a minute or two you start wondering whether you are in the lion's cage or the parrot-house, or whether you are just having an ordinary nightmare. You could not possibly do a tea-auction on the talkies. The yells and bellows would shatter any microphone. And yet if you cannot visualize the bedlam, it is hard to appreciate the scene. The best thing I can do is to write down the exact notes I took over a period of half-an-hour.



THE TEA MARKET: A scene on the top floor of the London Commodity Exchange might justly be described as a maelstrom of human voices, yowls, yelps, bellows, and other noises.

Here they are: "Squawks, yells. Whittaker (a big agent) got that one. 'I want some.' 'I want to split.' '7½ the chair.' 'Yep' means a farthing. Mondays and Wednesdays they sell Indian tea, on Tuesdays they sell Ceylon, and on Thursdays they sell Javas. Nothing on Fridays. More yells. 'With me.' 'I like it.' 'For me.' Auctioneer joins in. 'I'll take it.' Squawking. 'I bid.' 'Can't do it.' 'I can't divide this.' 'I'd like part.' 'Can't do this.' 'Arm chair.' (No, 8½ share.) It certainly is a parrot-house. 'Yep.' 'Yep.' Bird-like movements of the auctioneer. Harsh, hard voices. I bet their wives would never recognize them at home. Howls. 'Do I get some each?' '7d. chair.' 'I heard you.' 'Thank you.' Prolonged shouts like a monitor sending out a fag-call at school. 'You are in it.' 'Yep.' What a voice! 'I bid seven.' 'I want some.' Incoherent yells. Whittaker again. Stood up and thrust his arm towards the auctioneer. Blue serge suit, against the wall in the second row on the left. 'Against you.' '7d. chair.' Indrawn whistles. Why? Fellow on my right says it is because the same grade fetched 6¾d. the previous week. Pretty narrow margins, what? Yowls and catterwauls. 'I want mine.' 'I want the rest.' Auctioneer knows Whittaker's voice in all the din without even looking up to see. Yells of 'three.' 'No, sir.' 'I just had time, I think, sir.' 'You decide, sir.' 'You can have half if you like.' Auctioneer's colleague, a thin man, is galvanized into a yelp and gets it. A croupier's 'Rien ne va plus' is a whisper to this. 'I'm going on.' You have got to be damned quick to buy a thing here even if you are a millionaire. 'Take the balance.' This lot has jumped to a shilling. Silence. 'Have some.' 'Certainly, thank you.' No wonder these chaps have thin lips. They would never get their bids out in time, otherwise. 'You heard the chair.' 'Half, thank you.' 'Half I would like, third do I get?' Yowls, yelps, bellows, shouts. I wonder if these people live long?"

Yes, that is probably the best way of describing it. You will note that they are all bidding in pennies, or rather farthings. The tasters have all sampled

A Tour of the Great Exchanges—Tea, Rubber, Metal, and the Baltic

By CHARLES GRAVES

the goods, and so the buyers know exactly what to bid. When they shout "three," and someone else says "eight," they mean $7\frac{3}{4}$d. and 8d. They waste no time on unnecessary words. All the while you must imagine that the little hammer of the auctioneer is making resounding smacks every few seconds on the wooden desk in front of him. The men who are bidding most are probably instructed by big firms like Lyons, Brooke Bonds, the Wholesale Co-operative Society, or Liptons. On the day I was there about 220,000 packages of tea, which means 2,320,000 pounds, were sold.

The Rubber Exchange, exactly across Mincing Lane, is a very quiet place in comparison. Someone described it as looking—and smelling—like a post office! This observer went on to say that everybody was whistling when he arrived; and when the uniformed men called out the name of the friend he was meeting, everyone whistled louder than ever. It is certainly a very unimposing room, though millions of pounds have been won and lost in it. It is the only exchange where members are

mercial Salerooms, Mincing Lane. The procedure in this Ex- for the shrieks, yells, howls, roars, shouts, screams, whistles, would deafen a boiler-maker!

allowed to smoke. So the air is heavy and stale, for there are no windows except those opening on the street. It is a white-washed affair, and about eighty men were standing round, rather sadly. For the rubber market to-day is at a point where a rise of 1/32nd of a penny is a noteworthy business, and a rise of 1/16 is something to cable abroad. And yet, not so long ago, it moved in pennies and two pennies, and before the War it reached the astounding height of nearly 13s. a pound.

"In 1925," said a member of the Exchange to me, "I would sell 100 tons of rubber before midday, go out and celebrate with a bottle of champagne, come back and sell another 100 before a fifteen-minute lunch of sandwiches, and sell another 200 tons in the afternoon before going home. Making money in those days was as easy as falling off a log. Now, in 1932, I play dice from 4 o'clock to 5.15. If anyone finds a new East End toy, it is a great success. Clockwork mice went very well not long ago. One can also pass the time in fixing notes on the backs of people's collars. Perhaps I am being too cynical. It is only like that occasionally. The rubber market *must* be resilient, and the good times cannot be far away. Yet on a bad day not more than 200 tons will change hands throughout the Exchange, whereas seven years ago a single firm would sell more than 1,000. As we are the leading Rubber Exchange in the world, you can imagine what things must be like in Singapore and New York, the other two Exchanges."

But how is business done on the Rubber Exchange? The answer is that a smart dealer will walk round saying "Everyone is offering O.D." (which means October to December) "delivery at $3\frac{1}{2}$. I wonder where it is all coming from? There must be a lot of liquidation going on." He continues in this strain until some broker agrees with him, and adds incautiously that he wants to sell some himself at that price. Whereupon the dealer snaps the bargain up—sixty tons of it. The ordinary unit of sale, however, is a contract for five tons a month. Altogether, there are 355 people on the Rubber Exchange. Most of them are sad because the industry is so over-produced. They are to be found on the Exchange from 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. throughout the week, except on Saturdays, when they close down at midday. There are fifty-seven dealers, of whom some are still in a fairly large way of business.

As the brokers are not able to deal with the manufacturers—except Dunlops—the dealers are an essential part of the Exchange. They like, however, to have their contracts guaranteed by the brokers, and so it is possible for a broker to find two dealers ready to do business, but who will not do so unless a broker brings them together. A broker, therefore, goes round trying to get the best prices—not unlike a punter at Tattersall's—and then brings those two dealers together who are offering them. So much for the Rubber Exchange. Now come with me to the Metal Exchange a few yards from Leadenhall Market.

You must visualize a large square glass-roofed room with a marble floor and a circular bench with forty seats. The dealing members sit on the seats, while the non-dealing members and the clerks of the dealing members stand behind. The official market opens at midday and continues until 1.20 p.m. During that time there are set periods for dealing with four commodities. From noon to 12.10 dealings are confined to copper. From 12.10 to 12.20 tin is in the chair, so to speak. From 12.20 to 12.30 there is a break while the clerks telephone and cable the open-

THE ROSTRUM OF THE TEA MARKET: There are three officials at this desk on each side of which stands a clerk. The auctioneer is a buyer and a broker in addition to his official pursuit

ing prices. From 12.30 to 12.40 copper is dealt in exclusively. From 12.40 to 12.50 tin comes round again. From 12.50 to 1 p.m. comes spelter (better known as zinc). From 1 p.m. to 1.10 is lead's turn. Then there are five feverish moments more of copper, and a final five minutes of tin.

During these periods only the specified metals may be dealt in. If anyone dares mention others, he is howled at and fined half-a-crown. The intervals are named by the clanging of a bell, which automatically ends one session and starts the next. If you split a hair and shout "I'll take it" for example, just as the clang has ended, everybody yells at you and you pay your half-crown. In the centre of the room, at the back of the ring and abutting on it, is the secretary's desk. It has two brass rails, and the secretary puts up a little notice of the current commodity, such as "Lead," so that there can be no mistake. In the ordinary course of events the ordinary member of the public is not allowed to enter the Exchange while business is being done. But I think it was Sir John Simon who was given very special permission (because of a court case) to visit it while in full swing, and described it afterwards as resembling "a pack of women at a tea-party all yelling for a second cup of tea."

The business procedure on the Metal Exchange is apparently done in sums of 10s. or 7s. 6d. or 13s. 9d. The reason is that there is no time to mention the big figure. If you buy a three months' warrant of tin from me at 7s. 6d., you are buying it at £144 7s. 6d. a ton. Everyone on the Metal Exchange is either a broker or a merchant. They do not have the dealer-system prevalent on the Rubber Exchange. When business is in full swing, the pandemonium is even greater than at a tea auction. Everybody is raving, shrieking at the top of his voice, until suddenly the bell goes and there is a magical silence before the yelling starts all over again. You can hear it right through the glass doors which separate the big square marble-tiled room from Whittington Avenue. Since we went off the gold standard, there has been a great increase in business. This single room, only a few yards across, is the world's great international clearing-house for metals. Contracts all over the world are based on the London Exchange. To give you an idea of the business done in the official market between noon and 1.20, and in the unofficial market (which is open from 3.45 to 4.15 p.m., and is also divided up into five and ten minutes' intervals), here are the figures of a single day's sales last week:

1,900 tons of copper
950 tons of tin
500 tons of spelter
500 tons of lead.

This makes a grand cash total of £232,000, all transacted in an hour and forty minutes. Before the War, iron used also to be dealt in on the Metal Exchange. But it is no longer. How they managed to squeeze in iron transactions as well I cannot imagine. As it is, it is infinitely more wildly exciting than the high table at Deauville or in the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo. No wonder fatigued metal merchants used to go and gamble in the Continental casinos. These are rest and quiet compared with the fevered activity of that morning session of one hour and ten minutes. And the unofficial market in the afternoon is no slouch, either.

Finally, we come to the Baltic, where men deal in floating cargoes all over the world and a sea of conversation beats against your ears endlessly. Now at last you have something imposing at which to look. It is a big domed hall with more than £40,000 worth of marble in the form of arches and pillars. As in the London Commercial Salerooms, certain sections of the vast hall are, by unwritten law, the meeting-place of men who deal in different types of business. The oil people, for example, gather to the left of the great cupola. The timber people meet somewhere else, though there are not many of them. The speculative buyers are in a corner on the right. In the far corner of the room is the Ceres Bell. This ship's bell was washed ashore in 1929, exactly 200 years after the *Ceres* was wrecked, and it is now installed and rung on great occasions, like 11 a.m. on Armistice Day, or at midday on the King's birthday. An ordinary electric bell, however, is used at 4.15, which means that no one can come into the hall, though those who are still there can bring their negotiations to a conclusion.

Speaking generally, the Baltic Exchange to-day is considered the chief centre in Europe for the buying and selling of grain. Transactions

(Continued on p. 172)

THE EXTERIOR OF THE BALTIC: The outside of the only Exchange in London (save the Stock and Royal Exchanges) which presents any imposingness of design

THROUGH STORMY WATERS TO THE CA

HEAVY WEATHER IN THE BAY: A destroyer of the W class ploughing her way through the traditionally rough water *en route* to Gibraltar. In the really mountainous seas attendant on a hurricane, the mast with its signal halyards is often broken and "hangs Judas" or goes by the board, while the stanchions of steel are caved in. The fo'c'sle of this ship is under water, but her 10-in. searchlights can be seen, one on each side of the bridge

"HEARTS OF OAK" IN SHELLS OF STEEL: A sunset study of the small portion of the British Fleet in the Mediterranean, its dull grey glinting silver in the rays of the westering sun. Comparatively few vessels went south this year, owing to the rigid economy being practised in governmental circles. It is hoped, however, that more extensive manœuvres—even if not exercises on the pre-War scale—may be found financially possible next year

Charles E. Brown

THE ROCK FROM THE AIR: A view of Gibraltar taken from the North-East corner. This picture shows the water catchments wherein rain water is caught and stored; for there is no fresh water other than this on the Rock. In fact, one buys water in Gibraltar, purchasing small quantities from itinerant vendors

ALONGSIDE
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right
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Practically every year since the War the Atlantic Fleet has gone south at this time of the year to join forces with the Mediterranean Fleet at Gibraltar, and so to make up a force of capital ships and cruisers sufficiently large to carry out strategical and tactical exercises which, while they are not to be compared with the pre-War manœuvres, have been on a big enough scale to give flag officers the necessary experience of handling fleets, and the younger ratings of the fleet some idea of what the real thing is like, although the speed of the ships has latterly been cut down so drastically to save fuel that a good deal of imagination is necessary.

This year even that fuel is not to be spared, and the Service was very surprised when the arrangements for the combined work were cancelled, and only a few special ships of the Atlantic Fleet were ordered to go on to Malta. There have been many doubts expressed as to the wisdom of this economy, for it is about the only chance that the big ships have of getting into anything like War routine, but the demand for reduction is implacable.

At the same time the necessity of some real sea time is patent, to get away from the seriously enervating influences of harbour routine and home waters, and the Fleet has gone to Gibraltar, where some ships will carry out a few weeks' intensified evolutionary training, while others go across the Atlantic to show the flag in the West Indies, where they can carry out the same routine, and where British men-of-war are always warmly welcomed. They are making the passage at the most economical possible speed, and the low price of oil fuel on the other side of the Atlantic will mean a further saving.

The day selected for their departure was the day that the recent gale reached its height, and it was decided to postpone the sailing to avoid the chance of unnecessary damage to the ships. The only ones to leave port were those which went out in answer to S O S signals from a steamer in distress in the Channel, but as soon as the chance of actual damage was past the ships were hurried away to meet the tail-end of the gale.

It was, perhaps, the finest training that could be afforded to the young seamen who now make up the bulk of the lower-deck ratings of the fleet, for few of them had ever had experience of such weather and they would not be allowed to pick their conditions in war-time, but even the biggest ships were most uncomfortable until they had run through the worst of it, and the destroyers received a terrible hammering, which was a revelation of what these wonderfully designed little ships will stand when it comes to the point.

All hands in the fleet are heartily glad to get away for a spell, for too much home service can get very boring to youngsters whose hearts are really in their work, but it is sincerely hoped that next year will see a return to more normal conditions and the full scale exercises.

LM OF THE ROCK

FLUNG ALMOST OUT OF THE WATER: The upper left-hand picture shows a destroyer of the W class wallowing in the trough of the Bay, while this view shows the same ship riding high owing to the exigencies of the heavy weather that the few vessels of the Atlantic Fleet detailed for manœuvres encountered. The tail-end of the gale, however, gave the young ratings excellent experience

Charles E. Brown

THE SOUTH MOLE, GIBRALTAR: A group of four battleships, the two of similar "pear-drop" design in the foreground being H.M.S. *Nelson* and H.M.S. *Rodney*. In these two ships—powerful vessels afloat with their stupendous triple turrets of 15-in. guns—the usual economy of a battleship is reversed; the officers live forward and the men aft. On the extreme een a portion of a cruiser, while in the immediate foreground is a submarine parent ship. The function of such a parent ship is to be at the destination of the underwater craft when ve; do all necessary running repairs; and, when in harbour, to afford the officers and crew of the submarine attached to her a place to sleep in comfort, bathe, and so forth. H.M.S. *Nelson* and H.M.S. *Rodney* were once known as "The Ugly Ducklings" of the Navy

BOOKS—

Some "Classics" Exposed as Trivia: An Admirable Life of Rousseau: The Prima Donna Complex: A Sensitive First Book: Unnecessary and Inaccurate Medicality

By CECIL ROBERTS

There are a few reputations in literature that always surprise me. I cannot understand why critics continue to speak of Flaubert's *Salammbo* as a masterpiece. A more rubbishy work, badly concocted and full of errors, I have seldom read by a master. But because he wrote *Madame Bovary*, Flaubert can impose his bad work upon the public. Jean-Jacques Rousseau is another of those authors whose fame is difficult to understand. His interminable *Confessions* is considered to be a masterpiece. It has remarkable passages, it is true, but it seems to me it is four times as long as the matter merits, and the book is very unreadable in places. The *Confessions* belongs to that category of books which all profess to have read and most take for granted without reading. I have read his works, and wasted much time in doing so, and the conclusion I came to was that he was a very third-rate novelist, a poor dramatist, and a *poseur*.

In one thing Rousseau undoubtedly excelled. He was probably the most contemptible man that ever lived. Liar, cheat, pimp, gigolo, a mass of vanity, of diseased body and imagination, a gross libertine, at the height of fame and fortune he did not hesitate to send his illegitimate children to the Foundling Asylum. He leapt to fame by winning, with his *Discourse on the Arts and Sciences*, a prize offered by the Dijon Academy. Read to-day it is poor stuff, with a preposterous thesis. It exalts the ideal of the noble savage. French society, sophisticated and degenerate and soon destined to sink in the storm of the Revolution, ever on the look-out for something novel to tickle its jaded palate, found this attack upon itself delicious. Rousseau the sponger, the ex-lackey who had lived upon the women he duped, as ready to change his religion as his mistress, became famous overnight. "Sir, may I pay you a compliment?" asked a prince. And the bumptious ex-lackey retorted in his new arrogance, "Yes, provided it be short." When the King and Madame de Pompadour sent for him after the performance of his trashy play, *Le Devin du Village*, Paris applauded his independence in declining the audience. Actually, it is now revealed, his refusal was due to cystitis, not arrogance. Duchesses flocked to kiss him, dukes fawned upon him. The madness extended to England, where he was received and pensioned, only to turn and bite the hands that fed him. Well might Hume have written, "You will be astonished as I was at the monstrous ingratitude, ferocity, and frenzy of the man."

A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN AUTHORESS: Miss Susan Glaspell, who has achieved an enviable reputation in the world of letters

Of late years some of the best and most thorough biographical studies have come from American students. *Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, by Matthew Josephson (Gollancz. 18s.) is yet another example of the painstaking, voluminous work of an American biographer. This large work, it runs to six hundred pages, makes a close study of every detail of Rousseau's life. The American method is a little inclined to approach its subject down the channels of psycho-analysis, invoking the aid of Freud and Kraft-Ebing with surprising results, but our own biographers have ignored too often the medical sheets of their subjects. Rousseau was a diseased man, and an appendix to this volume setting forth the nature of his symptoms throws a vivid light upon the man's actions. We learn that even as a libertine he was something of an impostor. Mr. Josephson leaves no stone unturned, no matter how sordid the creeping things that come to light in his method. Yet he has considerable compassion and even contrives to remain an admirer. This volume promises to be the definitive life of Rousseau, and it is unlikely that any other work will supplant it. Mr. Josephson has manipulated a mass of material with dexterity and sound judgment, and he has produced a most readable book.

It happened one year that I was travelling with a friend when he received the news that he had inherited the château and the estate of Ermenonville, some miles out of Paris. This magnificent estate, with its fifty ornamental gardens laid out by the Marquis de Girardin in honour of Rousseau, bequeathed to my friend by his uncle, Prince Radziwill, was the scene of Rousseau's closing days. He died in a cottage there, and was buried on a small island in the lake of the park. The tomb may be seen to this day, as also many of the ornamental gardens, but Rousseau's remains were removed later to the Pantheon. It is singular that Mr. Josephson omits to mention this. He has given us a fascinating book about a scallywag of genius.

Mr. Beverley Nichols has played so many rôles in his scintillating progress that it cannot surprise anyone to learn that he once wrote Melba's *Memoirs*. If I am letting the cat out of the bag I am not nearly as indiscreet as Mr. Nichols, who has bagged the cat in his novel, *Evensong* (Cape. 7s. 6d.). This is the story of a world-famous prima donna who had reached the sixties and would not let go. Mean, erratic, with a vile temper, a superb manipulator of the Press, she was capable of smashing a young photographer's camera when he caught her off guard, of reducing her niece to a state of hysteria, and of slowly murdering by the trickling venom of her tongue the nurse brought in to watch over her temporary insanity. Since Mr. Nichols was once Melba's secretary the conclusion has been drawn that the "heroine" of this book is Melba herself. If this is so, we now know the fearful price of fame and the misery attending a vain woman whose voice fades while her mind is still avid for adulation. The wit that is never absent from Mr. Nichols's writing never fails to brighten the passages of this book, but the picture remains a terrible one.

The verisimilitude of this book is truly devastating, and the central figure of Madame Irela is so dominating that the love episode between Pauline and Donald, the American photographer, becomes a mere intrusion. With one passage of this book I must quarrel. Mr. Nichols speaks of gentlemen's underwear "which causes such peculiar sensations to throb in the breasts of otherwise adamant American matrons." Any woman would tell Mr. Nichols that she thinks men's underwear monstrously ugly, as indeed it is. In their underwear men look like skinned rabbits, whether it be wool, cotton, or artificial silk. Certainly no man's underwear would cause those American matrons to "think bitter thoughts about the town's Bad Rich Women who go to Europe and swoon all along the Riviera in the arms of obliging gigolos." Mr. Nichols awakens pathos for his derelict prima donna; she is a figure of pity as much as of ridicule, and if she leaves a slight distaste in one's mouth, artistic truth compelled this fidelity to merciless detail. And at the end Mr. Nichols has spared us. He rings up the curtain on the gallant prima donna going forth yet again to her desperate conquests, to her cracked top notes, her artful slurring, her heroic determination to hold the stage while there is breath in her body.

A first novel is like first love—a thing of such tenderness, so trusting in its inexperience, that one cannot bring to it sophisticated criticism. There are a hundred faults in Mr. John Morrison's firstling. *The Forlorn Years* (Collins. 7s. 6d.), faults of construction, of writing, of judgment, and yet these things matter little in a young novelist if he reveals the capacity for sensitive reception. Experience will bring the other things, but nothing can create delicacy of mind. This quality is revealed in *The Forlorn Years*. The story is simple, that of a young Scot who comes to London, loses his job, is befriended by a prostitute, and is discarded, as a result, by his fiancée. The charm of the story resides not in its events but in its sensitive rendering of the moods of adolescence. The drama of life unfolds around young David and he brings to the battle a quiet faith in himself that triumphs over temporary adversity. Mr. Morrison introduces us to a world of sane people, and in the simple quest of daily bread he finds his drama. I am grateful for his plain thinking and healthy mind, and his courage in dispensing with psychological nostrums and the quackery of the pseudo-highbrow.

RECOMMENDED LIST

"Elections and Recollections," by Sir Alfred E. Pease (John Murray. 12s. net).

"The Patriot King: A Study of William IV," by Grace E. Thompson (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net).

Four Novels:

"North Wind," by James Lansdale Hodson (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d. net).

"Caps Over the Mill," by Marjorie Booth (Murray. 7s. 6d. net).

"The Manor House," by Netta Syrett (Bles. 7s. 6d. net).

"Mulberry Square," by Lida Larrimore (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net).

It is a curious thing, but Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke's novel, *Night Out* (Jarrold. 7s. 6d.) runs side by side with *The Forlorn Years*. In this book Mr. Croft-Cooke confines the experiences of his young man to forty-eight hours. He receives a legacy of £500 and begins to revolt against humble lodgings, humble folk. The singular fact in this story is that a legacy and liberty do not spoil the hero's character—they enlarge it; and after a night out, in which he tastes various blends of life, a dinner at an hotel-de-luxe, the orators at Hyde Park Corner, the wisdom that may be found at a coffee stall, episode after episode brings back young Justus Willis to an appreciation of the common day, the common task. There is a philosophy behind this book, and wisdom—"yet another boy would set off to look for the grail which did not exist, to sail the seas of sunset which were only colours stretched across the sea at night, to wander and thirst, till he too learnt to exorcise himself of the fatal urge."

The "Buy British" cry, like all parrot calls, is leading us in its exaggerated patriotism into some absurdities. The musicians are wondering where the barrier against foreign genius is going to stop, and as I look at my books these weeks—three of the seven I review here are foreign in origin—I cannot help wondering what is to happen to contemporary literature if we are to be guided by birth certificates rather than by merit. Where the arts are concerned, I refuse to recognize any barriers, any racial disqualification. In a Hitlerized nation, it would not be admitted that Mr. Louis Golding, in *Magnolia Street*, had created a masterpiece, because he is a Jew, and one of the absurdities of the American civilization is that no English author can establish a claim to his work unless it is set up by American printers—a piece of trade union arrogance operating in Congress that is a disgrace to a great nation.

Westward Passage is a novel by an American authoress, Margaret Ayer Barnes (Cape. 7s. 6d.), and *The Hound of Florence* is a novel by an Austrian author, Felix Salten (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). Mr. Salten has established himself as an animal writer, and his *Bambi* will be recalled as a delicate investigation of the mind of an animal. His present story is extremely fantastic. For myself I cannot accept this tale of a

(*Continued on p.* 172)

Pollard Crowther

THE IMMORTAL DOCTOR: Mr. Francis L. Sullivan in the G. K. Chesterton comedy, *The Judgement of Dr. Johnson*, produced at the Arts Theatre Club. It is notable for a striking peroration on behalf of a humanity of whom the idealists ask too much

PLAYS—

Rude Words in an Amusing The Modern on the

By PHILIP

One associates daring deeds with the Navy at all times, but daring words are used by the senior service only when not in mixed company. Yet there are times when a daring word can be a daring deed too. To shout out an utterly unprintable expression from the platform of the Royal Albert Hall at an audience of 10,000 would require a high measure of pluck which I have as yet mustered up only in a nightmare. The difference in pluck between doing that in the Albert Hall and in the Royalty Theatre is not to be gauged merely by the respective size of the two buildings. Indeed, I would call the Royalty the more formidable of the two, a positive terror for its size on a first night when the Navy and its womenfolk are present.

Which brings me to the point that *While Parents Sleep*, the new play at the Royalty, is by a young naval officer, by name Anthony Kimmins, and the son-in-law of Admiral Sir Michael Hodges, one-time Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet. It is a tremendously high-spirited business, and it is those high spirits which save it from downright nastiness.

For, to get the unpleasant part of the discussion over first, here is a play in which a man intended to be a naval officer (I bow to Mr. Kimmins's expert knowledge on this point, but to me the youth seemed a perfect specimen of loud-voiced and facetious bounderdom) shouts out expressions which make one leap in one's stall with surprise. I do not wish to start off with the "Far be it from me to adopt a prudish attitude" sort of *cliché;* at the same time, to use an unmentionable monosyllable for the part of the body on which one sits and to pepper one's dialogue with other expressions of extreme coarseness is not only embarrassing but unnecessary. There is a wave of scatology in literature just now, and it is open to anyone who can secure a copy to retire into a corner and read *Lady Chatterley's Lover* to his (or her) heart's content, and even to put pencil rings round the naughty words. But this is not the form of courage I admire in a dramatist. Indeed, the courage is not so much his for having written these words and expressions as the player's for having, in duty bound, to utter them before rows of presumably respectable women.

Perhaps I am labouring this point too much and making a mountain out of a mole hill, or out of a hill of a more malodorous type. For Mr. Kimmins's play is really a harmless little affair, and quite amusing too. But there are signs all over the theatre of popping into otherwise innocuous plays words which nearly all of us know, but are only written by little boys who write them in chalk on walls. If this sort of thing helped the theatre in any way it might be excusable. But it does not. It gets no one any "forrarder." It is just a question of making a silly noise for the sake of making a silly noise. I remember a distinguished colonel who at one time had an important job in the Passport Office sticking the following notice on the door of his office:

Pollard Crowther

THE ART OF CONVERSATION is exploited in the comedy, *The Judgement of Dr. Johnson*, at the Arts Theatre Club. Despite Mr. Chesterton's feeling for the eighteenth century, he puts into the mouth of Johnson criticisms of thought which are equally apposite to modern life—an end achieved without anachronism, for heresy is eternal. Above are a servant (Mr. Douglas Quayle), Dr. Johnson (Mr. F. L. Sullivan), Mrs. Swift (Miss Miriam Adams), John Wilkes (Mr. Leon Quartermaine, a welcome return), the Marquise de Montmarat (Miss Rita John), Mr. Swift (Mr. Wilfrid Walter), and Boswell (Mr. Roy Graham)

ay: Scatology in the Theatre: ncient Johnson

PAGE

"Don't slam this door as you go out. It frightens me and doesn't get you anywhere any quicker."

A useful little lesson.

Mr. Kimmins has a sense of humour, a much more fully developed sense of fun, and a sense of the stage. *While Parents Sleep* is a slight story about an officer in the Brigade of Guards who has an intrigue with a married woman, and his brother in the Navy who has an intrigue with a girl from Brixton. They "intrigue" simultaneously at two a.m. in the same room, each couple being for a time unaware of the presence of the other couple. There is some undressing of a harmless type. I would suggest to Miss Frances Doble, who gives a charming and otherwise clever performance, that when a young woman with a reputation still to lose is surprised with nothing on but her underwear beneath an evening cloak, she would instinctively wrap that cloak round her more tightly and not open it out wider.

Miss Diana Beaumont was brilliantly amusing and made the Brixton lady not too much of a caricature. Here are brains as well as beauty. Mr. Jack Hawkins, a trifle too stentorian for a small theatre, gave a breezy and highly promising performance as the young man with the vocabulary, and Mr. Hugh Williams wore a Brigade tie with more distinction than some of his lines warranted. Sir Nigel Playfair lent an "air" (which the play needed rather badly) to the shadowy part of a parental colonel.

In spite of much that mars it *While Parents Sleep* has the merit of not being boring. The Navy must certainly try its luck again, after Mr. Kimmins has paid a few visits to that other naval theatre, the Shaftesbury, when he will notice plenty of laughter results from dialogue and situations which would not bring a blush to the cheek even of a dramatic critic.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has the literary, though not romantic, advantage of looking somewhat like Dr. Johnson, and even of occasionally talking like him. That does not mean that he can write a good play about him, nor has he, in fact, done so in *The Judgement of Dr. Johnson*, which the Arts Theatre have sponsored. There was more dramatic action and, I suspect, more of the real Johnson in a one-act play which Leo Trevor wrote over thirty years ago, entitled *Dr. Johnson*. Arthur Bourchier used to act in it, and it was quite a little masterpiece in its way. In it, I remember, Johnson patched up a quarrel between Boswell and his pretty young wife who was about to elope with a soldier. In Mr. Chesterton's play Johnson, curiously enough, does some more domestic patching; but at far greater length and in less interesting fashion.

We have to take a journey to the Hebrides to find Johnson and Boswell and much tea-drinking; also a philosophical American spy and his wife. What spying they were supposed to be doing in the Hebrides it would be difficult to say. But they are in a muddle for a variety of reasons, and Johnson gets them out of it, with a reconciliation to boot, in each long long act.

The thing is not in the least dramatic. By all means let authors go on weaving fiction round historical figures for theatrical purposes. Such purposes must, however, be theatrical, not in the narrower sense, but in the sense of being "good theatre." Mr. Chesterton, though some years ago he wrote an interesting play, *Magic*, cannot, it seems, give us "good theatre." He can give us good style, good writing, good sense, and (when he does not tire us out with his habit of turning truths upside down and making sentences stand on their heads under the impression that they are funnier that way) uncommonly good wit. But his play is mostly dull because it is a peg for words and because the characters, though they talk neatly enough, do not live at all.

I have an idea that Dr. Johnson was very like what Leo Trevor and Arthur Bourchier made him in a quite unpretentious way. I am tolerably sure that, excellent though Mr. Francis Sullivan was in the title-rôle, the real Johnson did not in the least resemble the effort to portray him in this play; for here he is simply a mouthpiece for the author, with little, if any, personality of his own.

There is no objection to Mr. Chesterton talking like Dr. Johnson. I find considerable objection to Dr. Johnson being made to talk like Mr. Chesterton, not because I do not like Mr. Chesterton's talk, but because Johnson was too vital in himself to be merely a mouthpiece. It requires a professional touch to make Johnson other than a lay figure, and that touch, so far as the stage is concerned, Mr. Chesterton seems to lack.

Mr. Leon Quartermaine's Wilkes was a clever piece of villainy. Mr. Frank Cochrane let himself go as Burke (not Hare's friend this time), and Miss Miriam Adams made a pretty and effective person out of the tea-pouring Mary Swift.

The new comedy-film, *Money for Nothing*, which I saw at an incredibly late hour and in the company of Royalty (duly entertained afterwards to cabaret and sandwiches as breakfast time approached) at the Regal the other night—or morning—is something like a masterpiece in its simplicity and its avoidance of lavish effects for their own sake.

In this it owes something to those brilliant French films, *Le Million* and *Sous les Toits de Paris*. Indeed, one incident—the hunt for valuable securities which have been left in a wardrobe in a hotel bedroom, and are then tucked carelessly in an old hat which is sold by half-a-dozen people in swift succession—bears a strong likeness to that missing waistcoat episode in the former. But this is not plagiarism, for it arises quite naturally out of Mr. Seymour Hicks's ingenious plot.

Here is a farce, and a diverting one. Mistaken identity, of course. Mr. Hicks, penniless, mistaken for a millionaire, innocently causing panics on the Stock Exchange, passing himself off as the millionaire's secretary. Mr. Hicks making love as only Mr. Hicks can. Mr. Hicks being tragic, and catching sight, with an inexpressible glint of the eye, of the shapely, silk-clad limb of the next quarry just as he is about to shoot himself. His speed, his vitality are amazing. His is the perfect screen technique.

(Continued on p. 172)

MUSKETEERS: Porthos (Mr. Richard Gary), D'Artagnan (Mr. Seymour Hicks), Athos (Mr. Charles Quartermaine), and Aramis (Mr. Eric Maturin) in the scene in *The Gay Adventure* at the Whitehall Theatre, in which four young men, the lineal descendants of the classic Dumas heroes, re-create the characters of their ancestors—which shows off Hicksian showmanship and swordsmanship

DISPOSING OF THE EVIDENCE: Constance (Miss Marion Lorne) passes an incriminating glove to D'Artagnan (Mr. Seymour Hicks) unseen by her husband, Bonacieux (Mr. H. G. Stoker)—an episode at once exciting and amusing from *The Gay Adventure* at the Whitehall

AWKWARD QUESTIONS asked by Inspector Buck (Mr. Neville Brook) of Constance (Miss Marian Lorne) while D'Artagnan (Mr. Seymour Hicks) makes play with an umbrella and Miss Gladys Gray, Miss Nora Swinburne, and Mr. Charles Quartermaine look on—a scene from the modern portion of the new Walter Hackett comedy, *The Gay Adventure*, at the Whitehall

OCCULTED STARS

An Acute Change is Now in Progress in Hollywood's Firmament, the Symptoms of which are Sales of Properly, Cancelled Contracts, and Called-in Loans whose Victims are the Aristocrats of the Silent Films, their Heads Falling 'neath the Guillotine of Failure in Talkies

By A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

A SOMEWHAT LARGE WHITE HOME IN THE WEST! A typical film star's house in Hollywood. The number of such palatial mansions now undergoing forced sale is staggering, for the several owners, who yesterday were bid for at fantastic figures by eager magnates, are often of no voice value on the talking screen

HOLLYWOOD.

We were motoring up one of the picturesque avenues into Beverley Hills, the movie magnate and I, when I glimpsed through the pepper trees away on the right the jam of cars and the liveliness around the big Spanish villa of X, the celebrated star, one of the world's film heroines.

"A party?" I asked.

"A sale," retorted the magnate grimly. "X is one of the victims of our Red revolution!"

I asked him why he called it a "Red" revolution, this amazing phase of film transition, and he said it was because the established aristocracy of the old regime is being killed off by men and women who were yesterday's nobodies.

Poor devils! It seems only the day before yesterday that they were the spoiled darlings of the mighty movie public, counting their incomes at anything from £50,000 to £200,000 a year, and spending the lot, because it looked as if there was plenty more where that came from. And now—cancelled contracts, called-in loans, forced sales, the slamming of doors that formerly they were accustomed to sweep through like little kings and queens.

The world has heard much about the havoc wrought in the ranks of the established favourites of the silent film since the talkies swept in, but it has not heard everything.

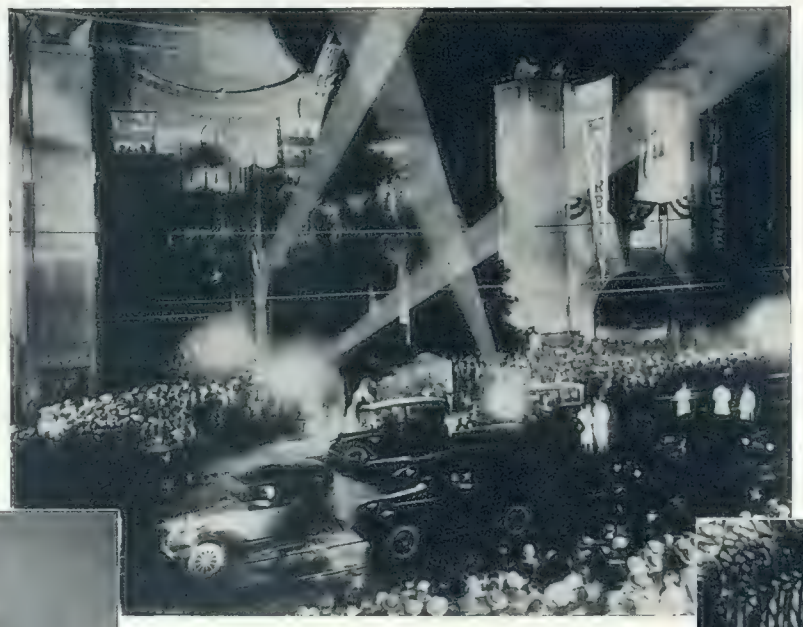
The magnates are still worried, the stars still distraught. Few of the big and boomed talkies made by the established stars are making anything like the box-office successes prophesied for them by anxious press agents.

The vast film public has shown that it will pour millions into the pockets of the film corporations which will give it the talkies it wants, and the magnates have discovered that, with very few exceptions (I may mention Greta Garbo, Wallace Beery, George Bancroft, John Barrymore, and Norma Shearer), what it does *not* want is the old stars talking.

They have also discovered that stars are not the "open sesame" to wealth they used to be. "The maintenance of the high-price player organizations," said one movie mogul to me, "is a needless extravagance." Ominous words for the film dukes and countesses!

The fact is, there are now only a scant handful of players who have the ability to sway theatre gate receipts. Further, the horde of stage players recruited from Broadway has swollen the ranks of the Hollywood acting fraternity to such an extent that there are now more performers than the studios know what to do with.

In the last few weeks, as the big producing companies have been getting under way with their regular seasonal production campaign, there has been a quiet but persistent releasing of prominent stars and players, most of whom, eighteen months ago, were in the happy position of having the magnates bidding against one another for their services.



THE PREMIÈRE: The scene outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre on the first night of a Douglas Fairbanks film. Mr. Fairbanks is one of the few silent stars to retain his popularity under the Talkie regime

The free-lance player field is already overcrowded as a result of this let-out policy on the part of the big studios; and as the studios are going to continue to release their contract players as their contracts expire, hundreds of screen celebrities will flow into the free-lance field and the law of supply and demand will bring down salaries with a bump.

The regular Hollywood crowd would like to deport the invaders from the legitimate stage *en masse*. But it cannot. And the net result is an unemployment crisis unexampled in Hollywood's history.

The astute magnates like the idea of having more talent around than they can use. It keeps salaries low and stellar temperaments in check. But they also perceive the dangers of the situation.

If the film-land city is going to be crowded to such an extent that a continual state of unemployment results for many of its artists (and I am not mentioning here the "mere crowd"), there is going to be a lot of trouble.

Meanwhile, newcomers—always established in some other line, never greenhorns, untrained and inexperienced—continually arrive to fit a particular need that yesterday would have been automatically filled by a known and proved film favourite. Clark Gable and the young Englishman, Leslie Haward, are cases in point.

Some last for three pictures before going into discard. Others are not so lucky. The fate of others is again in the balance. The test for all is the same—the response of the world public, the reaction of the box office.

You may be lovely, young, smart, and married to a producer. You may have a brother-in-law who is a magnate. You may know all the film kings. But if the crowd doesn't like you—that's all!

The talkies seemed to have caused a fade-out of those screen comedians who yesterday featured in their own screen productions and were rated by the film industry among the most powerful box office magnets. Yet, before talking pictures came, a new buffoon had only to appear on the horizon for the big companies to start a general scramble to sign him under a long-term contract.

By way of ending, let me release a one-reel picture which came my way on a visit to a great studio the other day.

Under the glowing eyes of the huge incandescent lamps, half-extinguished, a small group of players lounged about a grand piano upon which a boy with black hair was pounding out jazz. A slim girl in a smock sat beside him on a high stool singing his excitant tunes, while another couple leaned over the side beating time and offering frivolous advice.

Hammers pounded distantly, stage hands shouted to one another as they shifted scenery; two shirt-sleeved men stood in the middle of the drawing-room talking to a third man who was giving a pantomime sketch of a drunken butler.

On a sofa near the fireplace an elegant figure in a red-checked dressing-gown sat smoking a cigarette, while in a glass-painted sun parlour two beautifully gowned debutantes lolled in wicker chairs.

A year ago this set was practically sacred to a famous star, and I knew most of the players to expect on it. This time every single person on that set was new to me with the exception of the light operators, lolling on their scaffolding (this was during a pause in the production), and the scene-shifters

One of those scene-shifters was a star in the days when Norma Talmadge was making her first pictures.

He has seen one revolution in Hollywood. It dropped him from stardom to scene-shifting. I wonder what he thinks of this second revolution?

Ewing Galloway

THE CIVIC AND ARCHITECTURAL CENTRE OF LOS ANGELES: The new City Hall, dominating the city's skyline, shows the modern zoned or "set-back" style of architecture

A CITY IN THE THROES OF REVOLUTION: A panorama taken from the Bernheimer gardens in the Hollywood hills. The entire city is convulsed with the disorganization in the film industry

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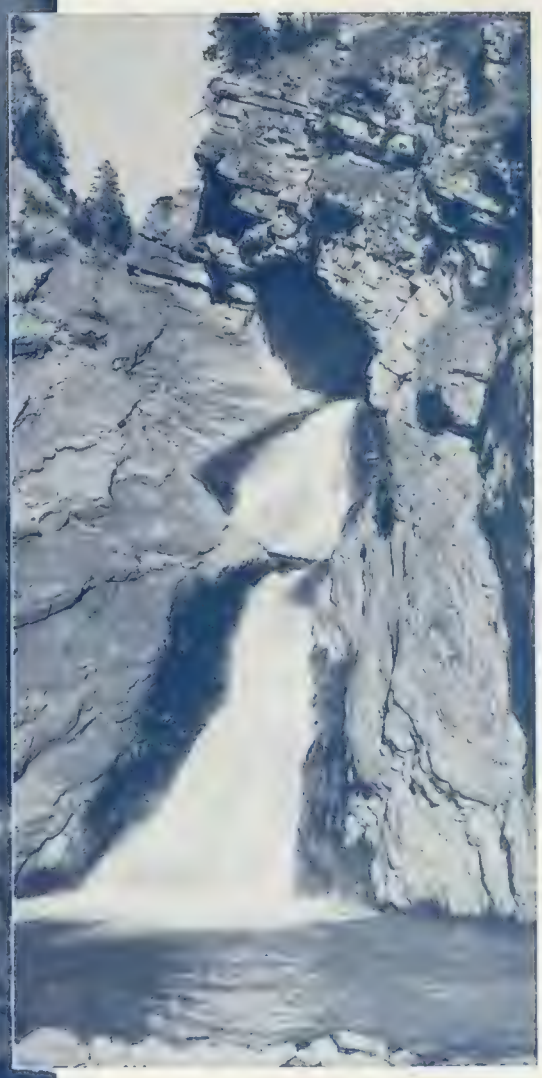
The BEAUTY of STILL WATERS

EL CAPITAN: *Opposite Bridal Veil Falls, Yosemite National Park, stands a huge square-cut granite mass revered by the Indians as the Great Chief of the whole valley. It stands over 3,000 ft. high. It is here perfectly mirrored in the lake*



A CONTRAST: *The cascade of Hell Roaring Falls in Waterton National Park forms a vivid contrast to the calmness shoun alongside it. So clear is the reflexion that if the view is turned upside down there is no loss of detail*

THE WATER SPORT OF THE AMERICAS: *Canoeing is infinitely more popular in Canada and the U.S.A than in Britain, for punts are practically unknown and rowing boats have only a limited appeal. This view shows a canoeing party at Jasper, Alberta, with the Majestic Colon range mirrored in the background. This effect is even more strikingly shown in the adjacent picture where the snow peaks are completely duplicated*

A GLORY OF COLORADO: *Another scene of still waters in San Isabel National Forest. The Sangre de Cristo range is here seen as from Lake Deweese wherein—as in all waters in San Isabel National Park—fishing is permitted*

NATIVE PRISONERS

From a correspondent in the British West Indies come some unusual pictures of life in St. Kitts and Dominica. They concern the male and female prison life of the two islands and show that not only the prisoners but also the warders are black

WOMEN CONVICTS in the native prison at St. Kitts, B.W.I. The women are compelled to work hard, for they do the cooking and the prison laundry. They also clean out the quarters. They are taught trades and their work is sold to pay for their upkeep

WOMEN WARDERS supervise the convicts in the female prison of St. Kitts. These warders are also drawn from the ranks of the natives. The uniforms are blazoned "Prisoner" and also with a broad arrow

MALE CONVICTS breaking stones for road making—one of the tasks imposed on the prisoners at Roseau, Dominica, B.W.I.—an institution which contains, in separate quarters, both male and female convicts

WOOD FOR COFFINS: One of the unusual trades taught in Roseau Prison, Dominica (where all convicts must do productive work), is that of coffin making

EAST AND WEST

THE SUPREME HEAD OF THE INDIAN MUSLIMS: H.H. The Aga Khan with the Princess Aga Khan, who, until her marriage changed her nationality to that of her famous and sporting husband, was French

MALAYAN ROYALTY: The Sultan of Johore with the Sultana who, before her marriage, was a Scottish widow—Mrs. Helen Wilson. The coronation of the Sultana was a very brilliant Oriental pageant

A ROYALTY DEPOSED: The ex-Maharaja of Indore, with his wife, formerly Miss Nancy Millar, a citizen of the U.S.A.

WHALE OIL IN GLUT

During the past year a glut of whale oil on the world's market has revealed itself. The result is that whaling in the Antarctic is being much curtailed and the great cetacea will disport themselves among the ice with comparative impunity for at least a year

LAID UP: Many whalers have been laid up this year in Cape Town, now a refitting centre of the industry, while others, owing to cheaper dues, have gone to Walvis Bay. Only three companies intend to operate in the Antarctic this year

HOOKED: A harpooned whale. The rope of the weapon can be seen in the foreground. Owing to the glut, a harpoon gunner is now to be paid £3 15s. for each blue whale shot, as against the old rate of £6 a catch, for each ship averages 200 whales

THE SHOT: A harpoon hurled from a modern "gun." Whaling is slow this year; only 3,000 will be killed instead of 40,000

A BASTION OF THE OCCIDENT: The history of Poland is the tale of a bulwark of Europe against the heathens of the East and the barbarians of the West. This castle stands at Mirow

POLISH CASTLES

The great rivers of Poland run through flat lands, a broad plain stretching away from the Carpathians in the south to the Baltic. And so there is no series of ruined castles and robber strongholds to be found on picturesque crags along the waterways, for instance, as is to be seen along the Rhine and Danube, the Rhone and the Slovakian Waag. Nevertheless, there are great medieval fortresses here and there, places of outstanding history and interest, the more attractive perhaps because of their comparatively sombre, one almost writes, contemptuous isolation.

These once great rallying points of a fighting people, their part played, have sunk into decay, yet in their going preserve a dignity and pride which are especially realized at sunset when their tumbled stones and gaunt outlines are silhouetted against a flaming sky. Guardians of their country, they stood up against the raids of jealous neighbours and savage filibusters, Teutonic knights and marauding Tartars, and the many enemies who from time to time have hung worrying on to the flanks of Poland.

They were no mere robber baron eyries, but the fortresses of great families whose names and doings are part of the history of the land. Much has been forgotten, myths have grown up around the mossed stones and distorted the honest traditions, but the names of these places are clues to great stories: Wilno, Czehow, Ogrodzienice, Mirow, to mention but a few of the great ones; each provides material for great slices of Poland's long and tragic tale.

Wilno, the historical town on the junction of two rivers, built on a knot of hills, looks out from its quaint, narrow streets to the ancient castle of the Jagellones, and there too is a more modern monument of the civilization of this region, St. Anne's Church, an edifice in secondary Gothic style dating from 1516.

The region of Kartuzy is called the Kashubian Switzerland. Across this land of lakes runs the Vistula, always a line of defence, and here on a hill on the right bank is the town of Chelmno, which still maintains its medieval appearance within its ancient walls. Cracow, too, has its ancient buildings and the delightful Wawel Castle, but it is when one gets right down south and east into the foothills of the Carpathians that the ruggedly attractive strongholds—oft-times crowning bleak hills—are to be more commonly found.

At the capital the castle of the Polish Kings is attractive on account of its richly decorated rooms dating from the eighteenth century only, and similarly the interests of the castles in the Poznan district, Rogatin, Kurnik, and Goluchow are the art collections; but Czestochowa, between Warsaw and Cracow, displays the famous Pauline Monastery on the Jasna Gora surrounded by a fortress dating from the sixteenth century, when it was besieged by the Swedes. Czorsztyn, in the Tatra region of the Carpathians, has a ruined castle which draws all visitors to this charming country.

Kazimiez, on the Vistula, is dominated by the ruins of a castle on the hill nearby, and similarly the small town of Krzemienice has the gaunt remains of an ancient stronghold to display. There are many others, mostly now heaps of stones and rubble, but still testifying to the once greatness of Poland and the grim warfare which, owing to the open character of her frontiers, raged at regular and frequent periods over the country.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, routes and fares to intending travellers. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

AT THE JUNCTION OF TWO RIVERS: From Wilno one looks out to the ancient castle of the Jagellones, and at Wilno are a late Gothic and a superb baroque church

MARTIAL HISTORY: The shattered relic of the once proud castle of Ogrodzienice, one of the most imposing of Poland's many war-worn ruins

ALL THAT IS LEFT: The turret tower of the castle of Czehow which still stands to remind Poland of her superb military history

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

The LONELIEST SP

Tristan da Cunha, an Island of Halcyon Eden were it Not for an

Will the flappers of Tristan da Cunha adopt the "boyish bob"? Will they trim their skirts an inch above or below the knee and abandon their ratskin shoes for lizard-skin shoes? Or will there eventually emerge from one of the most secluded spots on all the earth's surface new feminine styles, both in garments and head-dress, to startle the outer world through the sheer force of originality? These questions and a thousand others will remain unanswered until further word is heard from Tristan, which may require a year. For Tristan is 1,320 miles from her nearest neighbour. But one conclusion is certain. The women of this isolated region are determined to exist no longer twenty years behind the times. Even now a style revolution is under way, inspired by the women passengers on a Canadian Pacific steamship which recently stopped at the island to land supplies.

Tristan da Cunha is the largest and the only inhabited island of a group of three islands situated in the South Atlantic Ocean, discovered by the Portuguese admiral, Tristan da Cunha, in 1506. It is 1,320 miles south of St. Helena, 1,529 miles west of Cape Town, 2,500 miles east of Buenos Aires, and 3,200 miles north of the South Pole. It is inhabited by 156 men, women and children of English, Scots, Irish, American, and Italian ancestry, and all of seven family names—the Swains, the Lavanellos, the Glasses, the Rogers, the

PRIMITIVE LIFE: A typical homestead and a typical islander of Tristan da Cunha, where money is unknown: life, if lonely, is simple; and the only curse of existence is a plague of rats

Greens, the Hagans, and the Repettos. Before the arrival of the Canadian steamship, these people had seen no ship for eleven months, and the women had viewed no other members of their sex for over ten years.

When the vessel dropped anchor they gave a great shout of joy. In their eagerness to greet the visitors, they threatened to capsize their five crude rowboats. As they climbed on board they stared at the tourists with almost as great a curiosity as we should scrutinize an arrival from Mars.

The women, especially, were irrepressible. With their heads dressed in the Pompadour style of twenty years ago, and their skirts of crude calico and homespun trimmed with ratskin and falling to their shoe-tops, they were in striking contrast with the fashionably dressed passengers of the ocean liner. As they gazed about, in a mingling of amazement, admiration and awe, they demanded to know when bobbed heads and short skirts had come into vogue. Their hunger for news—news of any kind, word of a world of which they knew nothing—was almost beyond the understanding of those who had recently left lands of radio, telephone, telegraph, and newspapers.

For Tristan is unique. It is an island inhabited by white people to whom even wireless seldom penetrates. The farthest flung of all Great Britain's outposts, it lies a dreary, desolate, forlorn locality that before the arrival of the ship was without a single calendar, without a single watch, and without a single pound note.

During all the years of the Great War no ship stopped there, and the islanders lived in blissful ignorance of the conflict until a vessel dropped anchor in 1920 to land supplies. Even now they have little conception of the actual scope of the struggle and none whatever of the aftermath. To them the League of Nations, the world court, Bolshevism, Fascism, Prohibition, and countless other terms are entirely meaningless.

In Tristan money has no value. An inquiry revealed the fact that there is exactly 2s. 6d. on the

OT in the WORLD

Isolation which Might be a Lovely Inexterminable Plague of Rats

island, which places the *per capita* wealth at about one-third of a halfpenny.

Some idea of the islanders' lack of regard for paper wealth was brought to light through the prank of an affluent Canadian tourist, who presented a Tristan woman with a 50 dollar bill. She thanked him courteously and seemed, at first, deeply interested in the engraving. Later, however, she was apprehended on the point of throwing it overboard with other waste paper; and when the same passenger suggested a "swap," his offer of a pencil for the money was quickly accepted.

In some ways the people of Tristan are blessed. They live in a health-giving climate that has no peer on all the earth's surface. The plateau, which is about 100 feet above sea-level, is washed by constant and invigorating ocean breezes. Above towers a great volcanic mountain which rises to a height of 7,640 feet, the summit now filled with fresh water, affording a natural reservoir. Twice a week the men scale this steep incline, usually ascending 3,000 or more feet, to obtain kindling wood. This work, together with the enforced simplicity of their lives, has resulted in an amazing agility in all ages. Those of 65 and 70 years are as nimble as the young ones and skip up and down the mountain side with ease. Women gird their waists tightly, nearly all wearing home-fashioned corsets of whalebone modelled according to the style of 1908.

Potatoes constitute the main food of the inhabitants of Tristan. Each family has its patch, and living as they do on the communal basis, all for one and one for all, each native is assured of an ample supply.

Crime is practically unknown on Tristan. There is no incentive to steal, rob, or kill. With no use for, or knowledge of, money, and with the few products of the island impartially distributed by the missionary, the

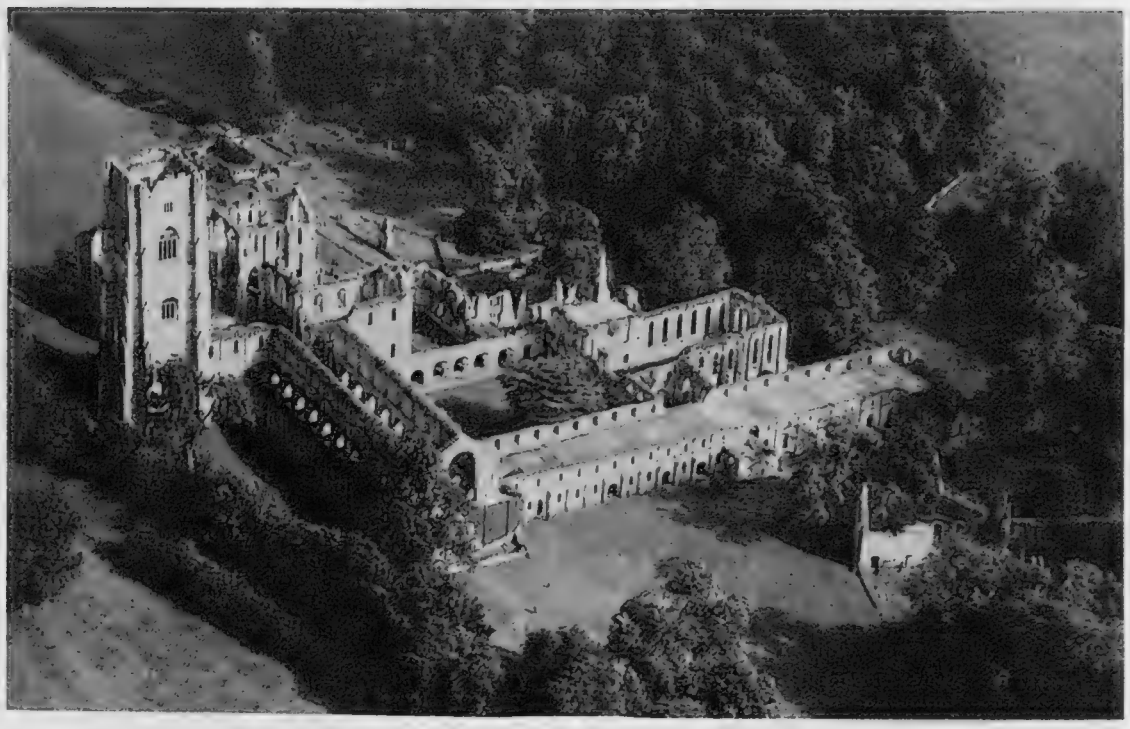
THE LANDING PLACE: One of the five rowing boats beached at the only landing place on Tristan da Cunha. The islanders are born sailors and will go to sea in any weather

honesty or dishonesty of the inhabitants is seldom, if ever, put to the test. Misdemeanour is punished by the stopping of supplies. A boy was caught taking milk from a cow in the middle of the day—an infraction of rules. Ordered to desist, he refused to obey, but, when his supplies were curtailed, he promptly listened to authority. There is no liquor question, for the inhabitants do not know how to concoct a beverage of more than one-half per cent. Even if they knew, they couldn't, for they are unable to grow grain and there is no fruit available.

But Tristan has its problem—a problem of such a serious nature that the island may be abandoned or depopulated unless relief is soon brought from the outer world. For Tristan is infested with rats. Brown rats landed by a shipwreck in 1882 have invaded every acre. Shortly before the arrival of the liner, the islanders held a "ratting day," and succeeded through the crude expedient of digging them out of their holes in the potato patch, and clubbing and stoning them, in killing 550 of the pestiferous rodents. Others, however, appeared in seemingly increased numbers in other sections, and the war is being carried on with the pests apparently gaining the advantage.

"Give us rat-traps, or we perish!" was the cry that greeted passengers and crew of the Canadian ship.

Rats in Tristan are so numerous that their hides are tanned and used in the making of shoes and other crude apparel. They are large, bold, and resourceful. They undermine foundations of buildings and occasionally attack infants and children. The islanders have done everything in their power to fight them, but all efforts have hitherto been unavailing.



THE FINEST CISTERCIAN RUIN IN THE WORLD: Fountain's Abbey, Yorkshire, whose floors are now grass and whose monks are now birds, but which still presents a monument of imperishable grandeur

A MEMORY OF MARY OF SCOTS: Bolton Castle, wherein the most ill-fated of her unhappy race was imprisoned for seven months

A MEMORY OF ROBIN HOOD—the grave of his henchman, Little John, is at Hathersage, famous also for its association with the Brontës

IN THE PEAK DISTRICT: One of the many beauties of this exquisite stretch of country is this old bridge at Bakewell

A PENNINE TOUR

There are many places in England which one can make the centre of a holiday tour; and what is pleasanter than to stay in one place and explore all the country around it—where one may, perhaps, caravan in the summer and enjoy the invigorating air or view it in its no less attractive and somewhat more mystifying winter garb?

Such a spot is Buxton, forming a good centre for touring the Peak District, where is perhaps the most beautiful scenery to be found in the British Isles; or again, Ripon, in Yorkshire. Both these towns give access to country full of historical associations of the merriest and the saddest. Distant from Buxton only twelve miles is the pretty little market town of Bakewell, whose old church contains the tombs of Sir John Manners and Dorothy Vernon; nearby is that "love story in castellated form, a poem, not a place, a romance wrought on rock," Haddon Hall, every nook and cranny of which are eloquent of their story. Again, Chatsworth, the stately and splendid mansion of the Duke of Devonshire, is only eighteen miles away; of it Charles Cotton, the poet of the Peak, wrote:

"For should I undertake
To show what 'tis doth them so glorious make,
The pictures, sculptures, carving, graving, gilding,
'Twould be as long in writing as in building."

The original Chatsworth House was on several occasions the prison of that saddest of Queens, Mary of Scotland; the Bower, a small moated tower on the estate, is said to have been frequently visited by the Queen, and is the only portion of the original building now left. Nineteen miles distant is Hathersage, famous as the birthplace and for the grave of Little John, Robin Hood's henchman—a very merry association. Here, also, was the home of the Brontë family. Where, then, could any lover of the literature of England prefer to go than to a country immortalized also by Walter Scott? Who of us is not familiar with *Peveril of the Peak*, and with the masterly descriptions of wild moors and beautiful scenery that are to be found in the works of the Brontë sisters?

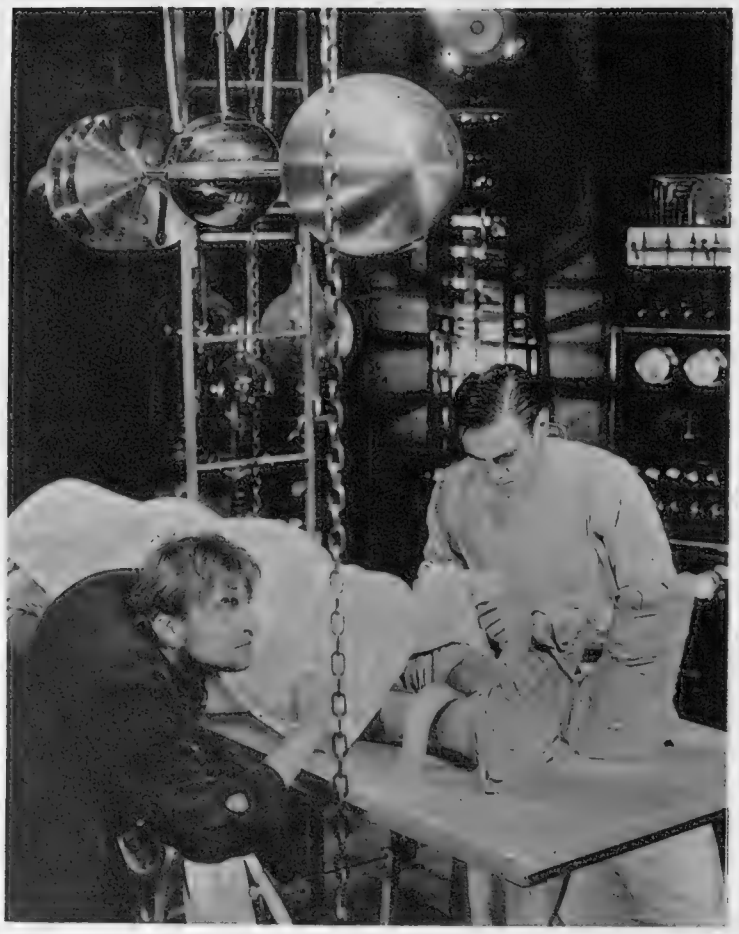
Or again, take Ripon, a key town to Niddersdale, around which there is every conceivable form of interesting country. Ripon itself is the second oldest town in England, and is now popular as an inland spa. Not far distant is Harrogate, "the Mecca of the Ailing and the Playground of the Robust." Five miles from Ripon is Fountain's Abbey, built in 1135, one of the most perfect Cistercian ruins in the world. Green grass covers its one time stone floors and birds fly in and out of its windows, yet it is so beautiful in its dove-grey and light mauve stonework that one stands silent before the reproach of its outraged grandeur.

A little farther north is Wensleydale, which owes its name to the little village of Wensley, and not, as most Yorkshire dales, to a stream. In this beautiful dale of waterfalls is another ruined abbey, that of Jervaulx, which is held to represent a more complete ground plan of a monastic establishment than any other in the country. Its last abbot, Adam Sedburgh, was executed at Tyburn in 1537 for the part he took in the Pilgrimage of Grace; the abbey itself has been immortalized in *Ivanhoe*.

In the same country is another historic ruin, one with the saddest associations, namely Bolton Castle. Here Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned for seven months; the pane of glass upon which this tragic lady wrote her name was accidentally broken on its removal to Bolton Hall. The castle has a museum full of historic relics.

These are only a few examples of the pleasures that can be culled by the observant from the beauties of our historical country.

THE SPEAKING SCREEN



FRANKENSTEIN: One of the most macabre pictures ever made is to be seen at the Tivoli in the James Whale production of Mary Wollstonecraft's classic. Above are Mr. Colin Clive as the scientist, Mr. Boris Karloff (the shrouded figure), and Mr. Dwight Frye

"FRAIL WOMEN": A scene from the picture, directed by Maurice Elvey, now running at the R.K.O. Theatre, Leicester Square. On the left is Miss Mary Newcomb, who has made a brilliant debut on the screen. To her Mr. Athole Stewart is appealing to take back her illegitimate daughter left with the disapproving solicitor, Mr. Herbert Lomas

A COMEDIAN OF GENIUS: Mr. Seymour Hicks in a scene from the new B.I.P. production, *Money for Nothing*, released by Pathé Pictures. Mr. Hicks, who wrote the script, is here mistaken for a millionaire by a reception clerk; he is asking for the smallest room in the hotel

"SERVICE FOR LADIES": Mr. Leslie Howard, who has recently won exceptional fame in Hollywood; Mr. Morton Selten, and Miss Elizabeth Allen in the new British production at the Plaza. In the original (silent) treatment, Mr. Adolphe Menjou starred. Miss Allen, by her performance in this picture, has definitely "arrived" as a star

"THE LOVE RACE": Mr. Jack Hobbs, Miss Dorothy Boyd, Mr. Wallace Lupino, Mr. Stanley Lupino, Mr. Frank Perfitt, and Miss Florence Vie in the Pathé Picture release. It is founded on the Gaiety play of a few months ago and is an excellent example of the improvement in British films

THE GREAT LOVERS OF THE SCREEN: Miss Greta Garbo and Mr. Clark Gable, the new masculine idol of the speaking screen, in *The Rise of Helga*, a Hollywood version of David Graham Phillips's novel, *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*—a version so much more Hollywood than Phillips that it is very nearly unrecognizable

STRANGE PICTURES

at Burlington House

Last week the artistic dove-cotes of London were considerably fluttered by a correspondent of *The Times*, who drew attention to an astonishing revelation in one of the pictures of the French Exhibition. The amazing character of these revelations inheres not only in the details of the picture themselves but also in the fact that no one else, among all the authorities who had written of the Exhibition, had noticed them.

The picture in question, which hangs in Gallery II., appears to be an Annunciation of conventional design. To the seeing and knowledgeable eye, however, the picture is the reverse of devout, incorporating in it certain elements that pertain unmistakably to the ritual of dæmonology. No reference is made to these details in the catalogue which ascribes the picture to an anonymous painter, "Maître de l'Annonciation d'Aix"; the canvas has been lent by the Church of the Madeleine, Aix-en-Provençe.

So widespread has the interest proved that, on paying a visit to this gallery a few days ago, the picture was densely thronged. It is interesting to note that another picture, which also treats of an emblem of evil—though, in this case, in the orthodox, devotional fashion — is hung immediately opposite. The beast in this latter picture is probably the Tarasque, the dragon of Tarascon slain, according to tradition, by the influence of St. Martha, sister of Lazarus.

The cardinal features of the Satanist picture, which mark the adoration of evil masked under the semblance of religious devotion, are to be found in the pose of the hand of God the Father; the owl-wing of the angel; the vampire and the bat in the groining; and the fact that the ray emanating from the hand of God is intercepted by a monkey—a conventional symbol of Satan—before striking the head of the Virgin.

To trace the significance of these details with reference to the Black Mass is impossible, owing to the degrading and disgraceful implications they hold; it remains to be said, however, that no one with any scholarship on this subject could fail to recognize that, just as the cult of Satanism inverts the normal Christian practices and emblems, so this picture, with its introduction of forbidden things into a subject ostensibly devout, represents a peak of Satanist art symbolizing the union of good and evil and the marriage (in church !) of Heaven with Hell.

THE SATANIST ANNUNCIATION: The picture which has fluttered the dove-cotes of artistic London. The specially dæmonological features are to be found in the owl-wing of the angel; the ray of Holy Light being intercepted by the monkey on the lectern; the bats and vampires in the spandrels; the horned devils peeping from the trefoils of the arches; the introduction of the famous Trinity of Black Magical herbs—fox-glove, basil, and deadly nightshade—into the vase of lilies; and, most important of all, the pose of the hand of God the Father which at first sight seems in the conventionalized position of benediction, but on closer inspection has the thumb thrust between the second and third fingers—an attitude suggested also by the left hand of the angel

A DEVOUT REPRESENTATION OF EVIL: The canvas which hangs opposite the Satanist picture reproduced above. The difference in treatment lies in the presentation of hideous and obviously separate evil in this canvas contrasted with the subtle corruption and the covert identification of Evil with Good in the other

THE VAMPIRE in the spandrel above the head of the Angel of the Annunciation. This manifestation of the "Undead"—familiar to readers of the vampire classic, "Dracula"—is a favourite dæmonological emblem

THE MONKEY on which the Holy Ray falls is an emblem of the Devil known as widely as the Goat of Walpurgis Night

THE VASE OF LILIES, flowers sacred to the Virgin, is desecrated with the three most famous herbs used in witchcraft and black magic: belladonna (deadly nightshade); digitalis (fox-glove) and basil

The WORLD of WOMEN

THE *Modern* HOME

CAROLINE GOLD PLATE: A superb patten and flagon in the ornate style of the Restoration, when the Baroque was in its full vigour and had not degenerated into the Rococo. These exhibits were lent by the Earl of Harrowby

THE BIRD-CAGE OF A ROYAL FAVOURITE: The beautifully carved quarters in which trilled the songsters of Nell Gwyn. The Grinling Gibbons influence is manifest in the carving, though the columns are Jacobean—Lent by Mr. F. Behrens

A MASTER OF MEN BY A MASTER OF ART: A powerful bust by Grinling Gibbons—Lent by Sir Buckstone Browne

A SUPERB STUART CHAIR whose luxurious frame provides an excellent setting for the tapestry—Lent by Mr. N. S. Sackville

THE HERALD'S TABARD: The superbly blazoned tabard worn by Sir William Dugdale, Garter King-of-Arms—Lent by Mr. F. S. Dugdale

It is neither necessary nor possible for everyone who would possess a home in modern style to dwell in a specially designed concrete house in the twentieth-century "horizontal" manner. The interiors of existing houses can be completely transformed in accordance with modern ideas more easily than one might suppose; and the cost of transformation (an important consideration in these days) need not be excessive.

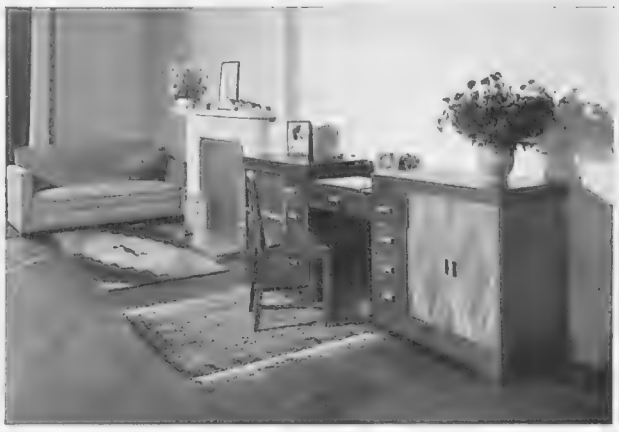
Illustrated on this page are a bedroom and a sitting-room in a house in Hamilton Terrace which has been reconditioned by A. D. Connell, R.S., and B. R. Ward, A.R.I.B.A.; the house is Victorian, yet the interiors are as much unlike the nineteenth century as anything one might find in the latest architectural creation of Le Corbusier himself. The bedroom has been transformed completely, with mirrors and opaque glass lighting panels let into the walls, and no mouldings of any sort to the ceiling; and the sitting-room has been modernized as simply as possible.

The bedroom owes much of its present character to the short projecting wall which has been built out to form a small vestibule at the entrance door, and has a built-in settee running along one side of it. Above the settee are two recessed bookshelves, and electric strip lights are concealed behind opaque glass panels. Along the opposite wall, with its wide expanse of mirror, is a built-in dressing table, plentifully equipped with drawers, and adjacent to the dressing-table is a concealed electric radiator, which is used as an accessory to the central heating system. The screen of this radiator, with its stainless steel grille, is designed in one piece with the dressing table, which is illuminated by three tubular electric lamps of nickel and silica.

The bedroom colour scheme is as follows: The woodwork, including the bedsteads, is in bronze silver lacquer, the flush unpanelled door leading to the bathroom (which is seen in the photograph between the settee and the dressing table) being plain silver lacquer. This creates an exceptionally attractive harmony in quiet tones of gold and silver. The walls are a subdued shade of pink and the ceiling is dove grey, the carpet and upholstery being a neutral beige colour. The bedspreads and window curtains are pale blue and rose moiré silk, and the glass bedside lamp is pale turquoise blue.

A feature of the sitting-room is a specially-designed desk which is constructed of figured walnut with a natural finish, slightly wax-polished. This desk has two shelves specially to accommodate the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and at one end is a small secret bar where drinks and cigars are kept. The disused fireplace has been brought into the scheme of decoration by screening it with a sheet of plywood lacquered bronze silver. This method of dealing with an out-of-date fireplace has the advantage of being simple and inexpensive, and as a small aperture is left between the edges of the plywood and the mantelpiece, ventilating by means of the chimney is not precluded. The three lower views on the right illustrate features in a new house by Sir John Burnet, Tait and Lorne.

STYLE MODERNE: The straight lines and plane surfaces of the new school of interior decoration are here exploited. On the right is a built-in settee and dining-table with a radiator screen; the unpanelled door leads to the bathroom



THE MODERNIZED SITTING-ROOM: This, not so arresting in design as the room shown in the upper picture, yet blends with it. The desk is of special design, while the fireplace preserves its pristine form but is supplanted in its use by an electric radiator

A MODERN TERRACE: This faces south; above and beyond is a first floor balcony. This ultra-modern house has a flat Arabian roof

ULTRA MODERN: A dining-room treatment. The furniture is steel and glass; the floor of cork tiles; the walls and ceiling painted pink

CORK AND GLASS: The living-room is floored with cork; the window boards are of black glass. Messrs. Sir John Burnet Tait and Lorne are the architects

There has just been opened at 22, Grosvenor Gardens a very fascinating exhibition dealing with the arts and crafts of the age of Charles II. The exhibition will have a special interest for everyone interested in period furnishing. The chairs, which are a distinguishing feature of this period, are well represented. A good example is reproduced above, and in addition there are a finely carved semi-state chair lent by Captain H. R. Colville, and a black and silver gilt chair which will arrest attention by its striking design. A very beautiful lacquer stool has been lent by Mr. Nigel Stopford Sackville, together with an ebony and silver table with twisted spindle legs. The metal-ware exhibited includes a fine silver toilet set, lent by the Earl of Harrowby. The mirror in this set is enclosed in a beautifully embossed frame. Also some two-handled cups of exceptionally striking design have been lent by Messrs. Crichton and the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. Some embroidered silk stockings and gloves of the period have been lent by Mr. Robert Spence and Mrs. Syrett. A superb punch bowl will arrest the attention of everyone interested in ceramics. There are a number of notable pictures, some of them familiar to visitors to Hampton Court, while others will be quite unknown to the generality. Among the latter is a good portrait of James, Duke of York, by Huysmans, lent by the Hudson Bay Company; a portrait of Prince Rupert by Vandyk; and a self-portrait of Lely, lent by Mr. L. M. Lely. The exhibition is in aid of the funds of the Young Women's Christian Association.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

CHILDREN *Behind* GLASS

VISITING HOURS at the Children's Clinic, Dresden. Parents may not enter the cubicles but walk along the verandas, seeing the little patients through glass

THE PANE TO AVOID PAIN! A father smiles at his little child undergoing treatment in the Dresden Clinic. The babies are isolated from any possible infection

ACCESS TO FRESH AIR is provided by the system of terraces, one of which runs outside every corridor of cubicles. The cots are in fine weather moved bodily outside

It is not enough that children should be treated by the newest methods with the newest apparatus. They should be isolated. In the new hospital for babies in Dresden there are rooms with not more than from one to five beds. This Children's Clinic is the outcome of many years' study. The air is purified by expensive apparatus. When the children are better they are moved on to the roof gardens. The visiting parents are not allowed into the cubicles—they talk to baby through the glass windows

TEACHING *Baby*-CARE

MATERIAL FOR MOTHER-CRAFT INSTRUCTION: Dolls are used for demonstration in the Henrietten School, Berlin

THE *LEVER:* The "babies" are laid in a row on their padded quilts and the morning toilet begins. On the right, the manner of affixing the tummy-band with tapes is demonstrated

THE *COUCHER:* Three pupils listen to instruction as to how baby should be put to bed. One scholar is seen to have the knack of holding a baby as a born mother

DRESSING: The difficulties of dressing a baby are minimized by using lay figures. Real life babies squirm much too much for demonstration purposes

TICKLISH BUSINESS: The proper use of the safety-pin and the method of moving the fragile limbs are demonstrated

Housewives and mothers have to be well acquainted how to care for babies, how to feed them, how to hold them. In short, the handling of the newly-borns is an art in itself. All this can be regularly learnt and studied in a Berlin home, the Henrietten School, only with the difference that dolls instead of living babies are used for demonstration purposes. Here the mothers-to-be learn everything necessary for taking care of babies, from morn to dewy eve

THE *Happy* AGE

A KEEN FOLLOWER: Miss Jeanette Paynter, a daughter of General Paynter, A.D.C. to the King, at the meet of the Belvoir held at the Kennels, Belvoir Castle

YOUTH IN THE VAN: Miss Elizabeth Vestey, who, at the age of eight, was the youngest follower at a recent meet of the West Kent at an ancient Posting House at Sevenoaks

AT THE CHILDREN'S MEET: One of the keen young followers at the Children's Meet, held by the Crawley and Horsham Hunt for children only at Littleworth

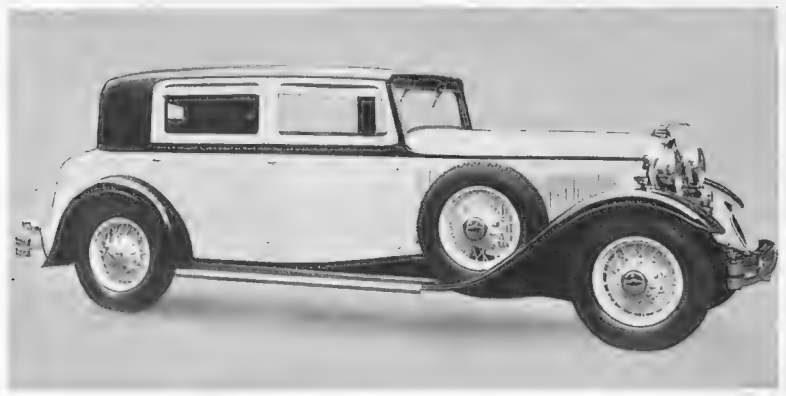
The years between six and eight form, probably, the happiest period in the life not only of children but also of parents. The crushing superiority of the school-boy or girl has not yet made its appearance; while the era of the nursery with its squalls, its breakages, and its appalling anxiety is over-past. Though Question Time in the Home becomes almost as much of an ordeal as in the House, yet the dawn of intelligent, as opposed to mere vague curiosity and the amazingly rapid development characteristic of this period are a source of infinite delight

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

"WHEN GREEKS JOINED GREEKS . . ."—The other evening I formed one of a party of three who were all keen motoring enthusiasts. Practically every subject bearing on motoring was discussed, and in practically every instance our opinions coincided. It was a very pleasant chat, but our pleasure, I think, was intensified when later in the evening we hit on a subject where all three of us held strong divergent views. The question put to the meeting was: which small part of a motor-car has had the greatest effect in advancing the popularity of motoring? One friend suggested unbreakable glass, another the oil-pump in the engine, whilst my own choice was the automatic windscreen wiper. We all argued and argued, but the three of us stuck to our guns, and so no definite conclusion was arrived at so far as this unofficial committee was concerned. As I think it is quite an interesting subject for discussion I will repeat some of the arguments which were heard round the fireside on that cheery evening.

My friend who championed unbreakable glass was very certain of his ground. This product, he said, must be acknowledged to be important and a great factor in making motor-cars safer. It was suggested that we should all be driving round in open cars if some form of safety-glass had not been invented. Accidents, we were told, had been increasing at an alarming rate,



On left— **MODERN LUXURY:** A magnificent example of an English semi-sports body by the Lancefield Carriage Company on the new Lincoln chassis. The coachwork is finished in cream and black

and if we had not safety-glass a large proportion of the injuries suffered by the occupants of saloon cars would be due to the flying fragments of broken plate-glass. As the number of these accidents increased my friend suggested that more and more people would turn to the open car. I could not get him to see that the majority of accidents in the old days from broken glass was due to the fracture of the windscreen, and that if we had not the safety product to-day the driver and passengers in an open car would be just as likely to receive cuts from glass as a result of an accident in an open car as they would in a saloon car. In other words, my reply to him was that if safety-glass had not been invented, and we were to avoid the risk of injury from flying fragments we would have had to give up motoring altogether or have a gauze or celluloid windscreen.

OIL ON TROUBLED BEARINGS.—My second friend who considered his engine oil pump the winner was full of praise for the unknown

On left— **THE HUNTING "EAGLE":** A new 20-h.p. Alvis "Silver Eagle" out with the Warwickshire pack. Included in this group are Miss Nielson, Miss Garland, Major Liddell, Capt. J. A. G. Emmett and Miss Mary Emmett.

individual who first attached one of these contrivances to a motor-car engine. He drew a very vivid picture of the old-fashioned motor with its rows of sight-feed oil drips on the dash-board, and then told us of the awful anxiety of the pioneer driver, and probably his passenger, to know whether oil was reaching each bearing, and that the proper quantity was being delivered. I was able to agree with him that this method of lubrication was awe-inspiring, that one had to keep on adjusting the drips all the time, that frequently one or more would become choked, which meant taking down the controlling device—a very messy and usually unsatisfactory job. He then declared, and I had to agree with him, that if this messy arrangement were in vogue to-day half our male drivers would give up motoring and that we should have only a dozen or so lady enthusiasts who would sit behind the wheel. Even in those days of slow-revving engines the inadequacy of this type of lubrication resulted in far too many engine failures. He argued, and it was perfectly true, that if we still had to depend on gravity alone for our lubrication distribution we should never have had the modern high-speed engine.

VISIBILITY.—In my turn I put forward the automatic wind-screen wiper, my point of view being that without this small, efficient accessory the saloon car would never have become popular and motoring would have had only half the number of owners that it has to-day. One has only to drive on a strange road on a wet night in a car with the wind-screen wiper out of action to realize how vital is that swinging arm. Before the arrival of the wind-screen wiper the divided wind-screen had to be opened, when rain, mist, or snow settled on the glass. This exposed the occupants of the car to the most perishing draughts, to say nothing of the snow or rain which found its way inside. These draughts were far more searching and the discomfort thereby all the greater in a saloon than on an open car. Owners of closed cars always took care that they had a glass partition between themselves and the driver, and as the latter was a paid hand it was considered part of his job to withstand the elements. As only rich people can afford to retain chauffeurs it would mean that all whose bank balances are not rosy enough to warrant a paid driver would be compelled to drive an open car. As half the people who motor to-day would not go out in an open car it is fairly safe to assume that, unless we had that vital accessory, motoring would be 50 per cent less popular than it now is.

There are perhaps other insignificant parts of a car which may have played a great part in motoring history and development, and if any of my readers have views on the matter I will be glad to hear from them.

ROYAL MOTORING.—The Humber Snipe of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has recently taken delivery is a four-light saloon, finished in black with thin red lining, red cloth upholstery and red wheels. Several ingenious body fittings were incorporated to the special order of His Royal Highness, and the car not only presents a most attractive appearance, but is also thoroughly suitable either for town work or touring.

A twin-top gearbox is now available at an extra cost of £10 on the Austin Sixteen De Luxe models. This gearbox is of similar design to that now fitted as an extra on the Twelve-Six. The third-speed gears are in constant mesh, and are engaged by a dog, as for the direct drive on top, and the two sets of constant mesh gears which this design requires have double-helical teeth, which provide a silent drive. The Sixteen has always had four speeds and this advantage is retained in the new gear-box, but with the new design gear-changing from top to third speed is much simplified. As "dropping down to third" or "getting into top" form some 70 per cent. of gear-changing operations, the improvement is one that will be very frequently appreciated. To be able to change down to third, for the purpose of acceleration or hill-climbing, with ease and certainty, increases the confidence of the driver and the enjoyment he gets from controlling the car. The same useful top gear ratio is employed in conjunction with this gear-box, the final drive not having been modified. The price of the Austin Sixteen Burnham Saloon with this gear-box is £335.

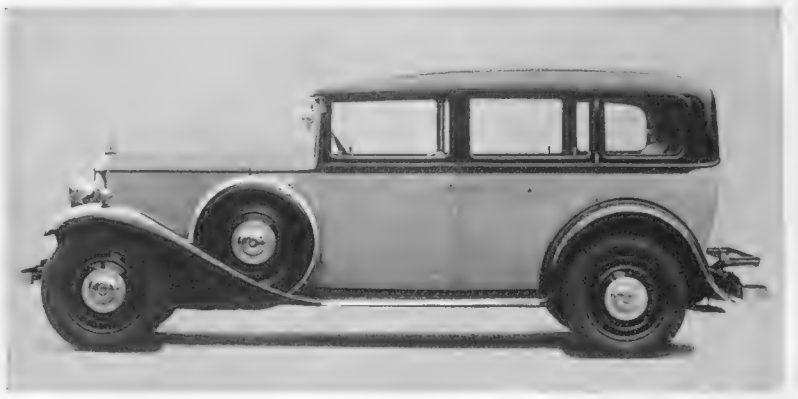
THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.—As a sign of reviving trade, we learn from the Alvis Company the cheering news that during the year just ended they sold 17 per cent. more cars than during the preceding year, whilst

On right— **THE CHAMPION'S CHOICE:** Sir Malcolm Campbell with his new 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce. Sir Malcolm has just accepted an invitation from the Mayor of Daytona to visit that city on an attempt to better the world's land speed record.

at the present time their orders in hand exceed those at the corresponding date last year by 36 per cent. Alvis cars are by no means cheap as prices run to-day, their place, in fact, being something intermediate between the very expensive and the moderately cheap, but the cheapest models made by the Alvis Company formed only 13 per cent. of their output during the period mentioned. Their experience is that there is a better and more stable demand for the higher priced cars and their programme for the present year is taking care of this tendency on the part of the buying public.

NEWS AND WARNINGS.—A warrant of appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has been issued to C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., lubricating oil manufacturers. This all-British firm has for some years past held a similar appointment to His Majesty the King.

Motorists are reminded that during periods of bad weather when fog, ice, snow, or floods are prevalent, the R.A.C. issues news bulletins to the B.B.C.



On right— **EASTWARD - HO!** This handsome Humber Pullman Limousine has just been supplied to H.H. The Sultan of Zanzibar by Messrs. Rootes Ltd. through the Crown Agents for the Colonies. The coachwork is finished in grey with the Zanzibar crest in scarlet.

SIR WILLIAM MORRIS, Bt.

for broadcasting and also to the Press, enumerating the roads which are affected. The Club is also prepared to supply information to members by telephone, the information being available at the R.A.C. headquarters, Pall Mall, S.W.1. (Whitehall 2345), and at all R.A.C. branch offices in the districts where bad conditions are likely to obtain.

The Automobile Association warns motorists of the importance of keeping their number plates "clearly distinguishable" as required by law. The A.A. is also advised that the stopping of motor vehicles by the police, so that the latter may ascertain the condition of brakes, is becoming more frequent. The usual procedure is for the driver to be asked to apply the brakes, and if they do not hold the sequel may be a police-court prosecution. The maximum penalty for these infringements is £20. Cases have been brought to the notice of the Automobile Association where motorists have fitted a mascot containing a red light to the radiators of their cars. The A.A. draws attention to the danger and confusion likely to be caused to other road users by the carrying of a red light, except at the rear of a motor vehicle, and points out that under the Road Transport Lighting Act a penalty of £5 can be imposed for this offence.

FOR 10 CONSECUTIVE YEARS EVERY YEAR HAS BEEN A RECORD CASTROL SALES YEAR

More CASTROL was bought in 1931 than ever before

—a clear proof that "Quality is the Best Policy"

Have you tried CASTROLLO — the Upper Cylinder Lubricant? It reduces friction, wear and petrol consumption and is particularly valuable when starting off these cold mornings. A pennyworth is sufficient to treat 2 gallons of fuel.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., *All-British* Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

HAVAS

Sun—Sport—Beauty

Golf on Mount Agel, at 820 metres above sea level, with an unforgettable setting of golden mountains—(open all the year round, ideal climate).

TENNIS AT THE COUNTRY CLUB
(21 Courts)

UNIQUE EUROPEAN COMPETITIONS:

Monte Carlo Automobile Rally.
Concours d'élégance.
Monaco Speed Grand Prix
International Sailing Yacht Regattas.

MONTE CARLO

HOTEL DE PARIS
HOTEL HERMITAGE
AND 80 HOTELS

Information from Sté des Bains de Mer.
Service: S.P., Monte Carlo.

NOTES AND NEWS

THE "LARGEST SHOE SHOP IN THE WORLD": The arcade shop front before Messrs. Lilley and Skinner's extension (in Stratford Place) to their Oxford Street premises. Simple horizontal planning gives an effect of length to the entire window. Translucent opal glass panels soften the blinding glare of electric light, and the bases of the windows and island display cases are, for the first time in this country, illuminated in the same manner. The colour scheme is white and pale gold. An additional feature of the *ensemble* is a unique light-beam which bears the name of the famous firm

DEUTZ AND GELDERMANN CHAMPAGNE

Founded in 1838 by the late M. Deutz, the proprietors of this well-known brand are fortunate in owning extensive vineyards in the Ay district of Champagne, so that a great part of their wine is made from the famous grapes grown there. A dry wine of great bouquet and delicacy, Deutz and Geldermann rapidly established itself in public favour throughout this country and is now in general request at the leading hotels and restaurants of the West End. M. René Lallier, son-in-law of the founder of the firm, and his son, M. Jean Lallier, who ably conduct the affairs of the company, state that there is every likelihood of their shipping a 1926 vintage, and that this wine promises to prove a very successful follower to their 1921 and 1923 vintages. There is still a fair stock of the latter available, but with the inroads caused by further demand it is satisfactory to learn that, when exhausted, the 1926 vintage will be ready to take their place.

A U.S. STAR FOR LONDON

Miss Nan Blackstone, the brilliant comedienne who has proved a sensation, even in the City of Sensations, New York, has just left her native shores to fulfil an engagement at Monseigneur's, one of the newest of smart restaurants in Piccadilly.

FLOODLIGHTING AT LEAMINGTON: This famous inland health resort—as famous for the loveliness of its environs as for the quality of its waters—is a very up-to-date member of the British Spas Federation. The town possesses valuable natural saline springs which are dispensed at the Pump Room, here seen to fine advantage under floodlighting. The waters are also dispensed at the Medical Baths—an institution comparing favourably, in modernity, equipment, and skill in treatment, with any similar organization in the country

CHARLES HEIDSIECK

A CHAMPAGNE OF DISTINCTION: Charles Heidsieck

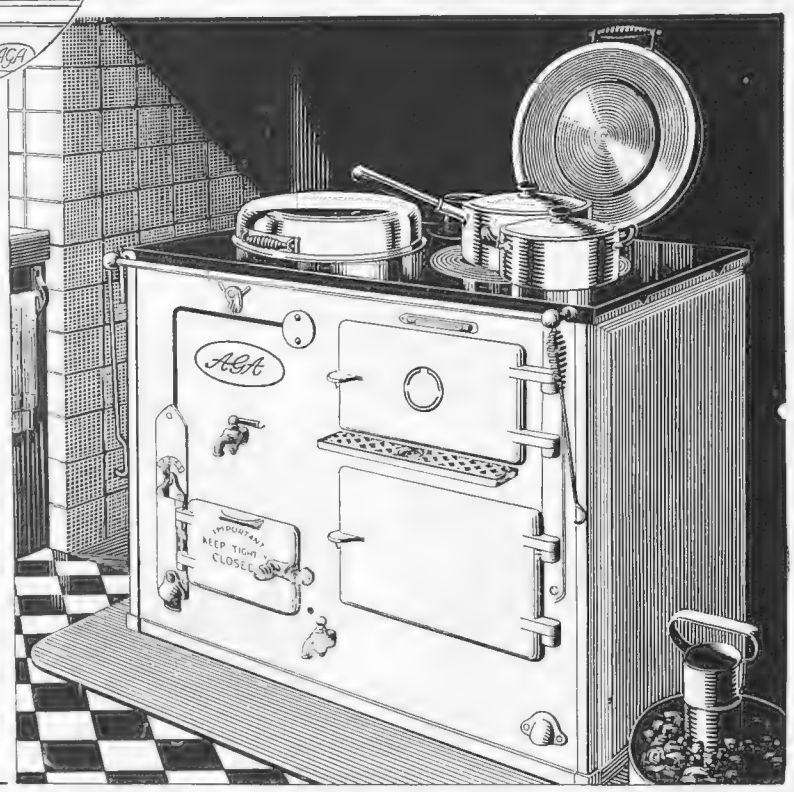
It was noticeable in the New Year that there is evidence of a revival in entertaining. Christmas was, of course, responsible for a big increase in dinners, dances, and parties, but in general there seems to be greater optimism, a disposition to take things a little less seriously, and to spend more freely (in spite of income-tax) on what may have hitherto been regarded as luxuries—for example, champagne. At parties, nowadays, champagne has assumed a prominence that must be very encouraging to the shippers. When you give your next little dinner or dance and wish to choose a suitable champagne, the well-known Charles Heidsieck extra dry is an excellent selection. In Charles Heidsieck champagne is obtained a skilful blending of the finest vintages which, together with long maturing, has produced a champagne of exquisite delicacy.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

It is the children that matter; they are the coming generation. 1,100 boys and girls — some fatherless, some motherless, some orphans, but all taken from poverty —are being fed, clothed, and educated by The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship. A very large sum of money is required to carry on this great work, and the Society make a special appeal to readers of THE SPHERE to send donations to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

"AGA INSTALLED*" MEANS

—Cooking bill reduced to £1 per quarter!



Independent of Gas and Electricity. Burns small Coke or Anthracite.

2 large Ovens (one Roasting, one Slow), 2 Hot Plates (one Boiling, one Simmering).

Overall dimensions: 3′ 3″ Wide, 2′ 4″ Deep, 2′ 10″ High.

10-Gallon Hot-Water Tank, Draught controlled by Thermostat — Automatic Fuel Filler.

Cooks for Small or Large Households for precisely the same Fuel Cost.

Insulated throughout with Bell's Asbestos. Therefore keeps the Kitchen comfortably warm — no more.

The Aga Cooker can be installed on Deferred Payments System for an initial sum of £5 : 10 : 0

IT isn't simply that the Aga cooks food deliciously and is always ready for anything—but that it costs so ridiculously little to run. It took a Nobel Prize Winner ten years to perfect the Aga, so that now, burning automatically day and night, it cannot consume more than 25 cwt. of coke or anthracite in a year.

That will afford you a grand saving on your fuel bill. What does cooking cost you now? An Aga costs less than £4 *a year!*

What's more, cooks—and what woman is not a cook at heart?—simply love the Aga. They find it easy to use, cool to work at, simple to keep as bright as a new pin. They only have to refill the Aga once in 24 hours and riddle it twice. Both jobs are clean and virtually automatic.

Please write for Illustrated Aga Booklet.

Enquiries Bureau, Bell's Heat Appliances Ltd., 157 Queen Victoria St., E.C.4. Phone Central 6281. West End Demonstrations at 5 Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.1.

★ *The Aga, now British Made with British Capital, was first made and sold in Sweden, where within less than two years thousands have been installed. And now advertisements for Cooks in Sweden often contain as an added inducement the significant words—"Aga installed."*

THE AGA COOKER IS BRITISH MADE

THE AGA COOKER
COSTS LESS THAN £1 PER QUARTER FOR FUEL

Stop that cold with VAPEX

(REG. TRADE MARK)

INHALANT

Here is the way to treat a cold!

It is better to prevent a cold than to cure one. It is better to cure a cold than to go to bed with influenza.

Put a drop of Vapex on a clean handkerchief each morning and inhale its pleasantly antiseptic vapour often during the day. In crowded railway carriages, in stuffy buses, and in offices where the air is saturated with germs, the clean, penetrating vapour of Vapex will reach the deep recesses of the nose and throat, and preserve health by destroying the enemies of health. It is so simple—a drop of Vapex on a handkerchief, instantly available, instantly effective.

Vapex grows stronger upon exposure to the air and gives you all-day comfort and protection. A drop on each end of your pillow fights a cold during the night.

Always have a bottle of Vapex handy. Guard your own health and that of your children. A drop of Vapex on their "hankies" will protect them from the ravages of the common cold.

Of all Chemists 2/- and 3/-
(Double quantity in 3/- size.)

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V. 74

Avoid Gout

DRAWN from the famous "Célestins" spring at Vichy, this Natural Mineral Water is an acknowledged and *proven* defence against *gout, diabetes* and the early stages of chronic affections of the urinary passages.

Vichy-Célestins may be taken regularly at meals and at any other period of the day.

Obtainable everywhere.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road
London, S.E.1

VICHY ETAT

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Rosy was,

read her testimonial—

From

Miss Rosy Rapture

The Film Star

I gargle with it after every performance and have always believed that my astounding beauty is largely due to its use (This is my stock testimonial. Please adapt to your petrol as I am so busy. R.R.)

Rosy Rapture.

Winter Shell Petrol is specially blended to give quick starting in cold weather

The WHEELS *of* COMMERCE *in* LONDON CITY

(Continued from p. 153)

have taken place in a single day amounting to 250,000 tons, at a value of over £2,500,000. Having said this, the best thing I can do is to quote Mr. J. A. Findlay, the secretary of the Exchange.

"Much is heard," he said, "about the advisability of producer and consumer getting closer together in order to avoid the middleman's or broker's profits, and yet it is the middleman who searches the market and makes transactions possible.

"Instances could be given where the buying department and the selling department of the same house have dealt with each other through a broker without knowing that they were trading with themselves. This indicates how necessary a medium a middleman is in affording confidence to the buying department that they are not paying over market value, and to the selling department that they are getting market value for their grain.

"In the ordinary course of business the brokers ascertain as early as possible each morning what shippers or shippers' agents are offering, the different kinds of grain, and the different periods of shipment and, in doing so, collect a great deal of information contained in the morning cables from all parts of the world. They thus become informed as to the probable fluctuations of the market during the day, and are better able to advise prospective buyers and sellers as to their operations than the buyers and sellers can inform themselves.

"The commission merchants and so-called speculative buyers may be, and in practice usually are, genuine operators and not gamblers. They frequently want to buy or sell in a forward position, without ever intending to be the actual receiver or shipper of the grain in question. For example, a buyer may wish to sell forward Plate maize as a hedge against a cargo or part cargo of Russian barley bought for forward shipment. He knows that he can sell the actual barley (possibly a little each day) at the market value of the day, and then can buy back his short sales of maize gradually as he disposes of his barley cargo.

"In the same way that shipowners are represented," Mr. Findlay went on, "so are shippers and merchants in all parts of the world who keep their London representatives or agents advised of the cargoes they have to ship, the size, the date, the port of shipment, and the destination; the agents in their turn informing the shippers as to the steamers available for employment in the particular trades in which they are interested.

"Finance plays a great part in the trade, particularly since the War, and, as London is pre-eminently the centre of finance in Europe, both shippers and buyers find it is absolutely necessary to establish themselves here, and the Baltic Exchange is still, therefore, the centre of the grain trade of Europe. The facilities, indeed, which London enjoys for buying and selling, chartering and financing, are unique, and one cannot, therefore, see anything to disturb its importance as the commercial centre of Europe."

That is a phrase indeed which can be used of every Exchange in England. We are still the clearing house of every international commodity; and though the men on the Rubber Exchange may occasionally play dice to kill time, and though everything is less prosperous than it was, the fact remains that not even going off the gold standard has upset our position in the world's markets.

Indeed, it has made it more secure than ever.

BOOKS

(Continued from p. 156)

man who, on alternate days, was a dog and a man, but once the incredible supposition is granted Mr. Salten creates an unusual and ingenious story. As a dog, his hero, Lucas Grassi, accompanies an Archduke from Vienna to Florence, the city Grassi has always longed to see. He becomes involved in a love affair, complicated by the fact that every twenty-four hours he is transformed into a dog, beaten, turned out, or fondled. A strange story, if you like, and an exceedingly clever introduction to the dog mind.

Mrs. Barnes's story takes place on an Atlantic liner, and tells us how an American woman encounters, after many years, her first husband, now a famous novelist, and the effect of that encounter. It is a study in introspection, sincere but heavy reading. It is a pity that so conscientious a writer should indulge in verbal tricks such as "Olivia's spinal cord was still guiding the Chrysler when . . ." and, anyhow, it wasn't her spinal cord, it was her *pons varolii* bridging the cerebellar hemispheres—if one must be medical.

PLAYS

(Continued from p. 157)

Miss Betty Stockfeld is a charming *ingénue*, whose voice alone is a delight, and a soundly comic performance comes from Mr. Edmund Gwenn.

Anyone who intends to see *Frankenstein* would be well advised to arrange a visit when *Money for Nothing* is being shown at an adjacent theatre. For a laugh antidote is needed against the gloom and the sense of the *macabre* this film will inevitably produce in the minds of even the least impressionable.

Frankenstein was Mary Wollstoncraft's "thriller" of 1817, and Mary could have taught even Edgar Wallace and Allan Poe something. The film is utterly, terrifyingly dreadful. That is a tribute to its efficiency. Not even the genial and human Mr. Frederick Kerr could bring relief in this orgy of nightmare horrors. Mr. Boris Karloff as the monster will haunt my thoughts for many a day—and night.

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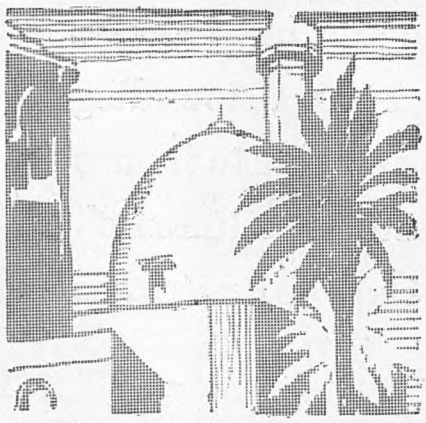

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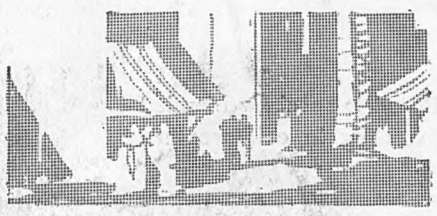

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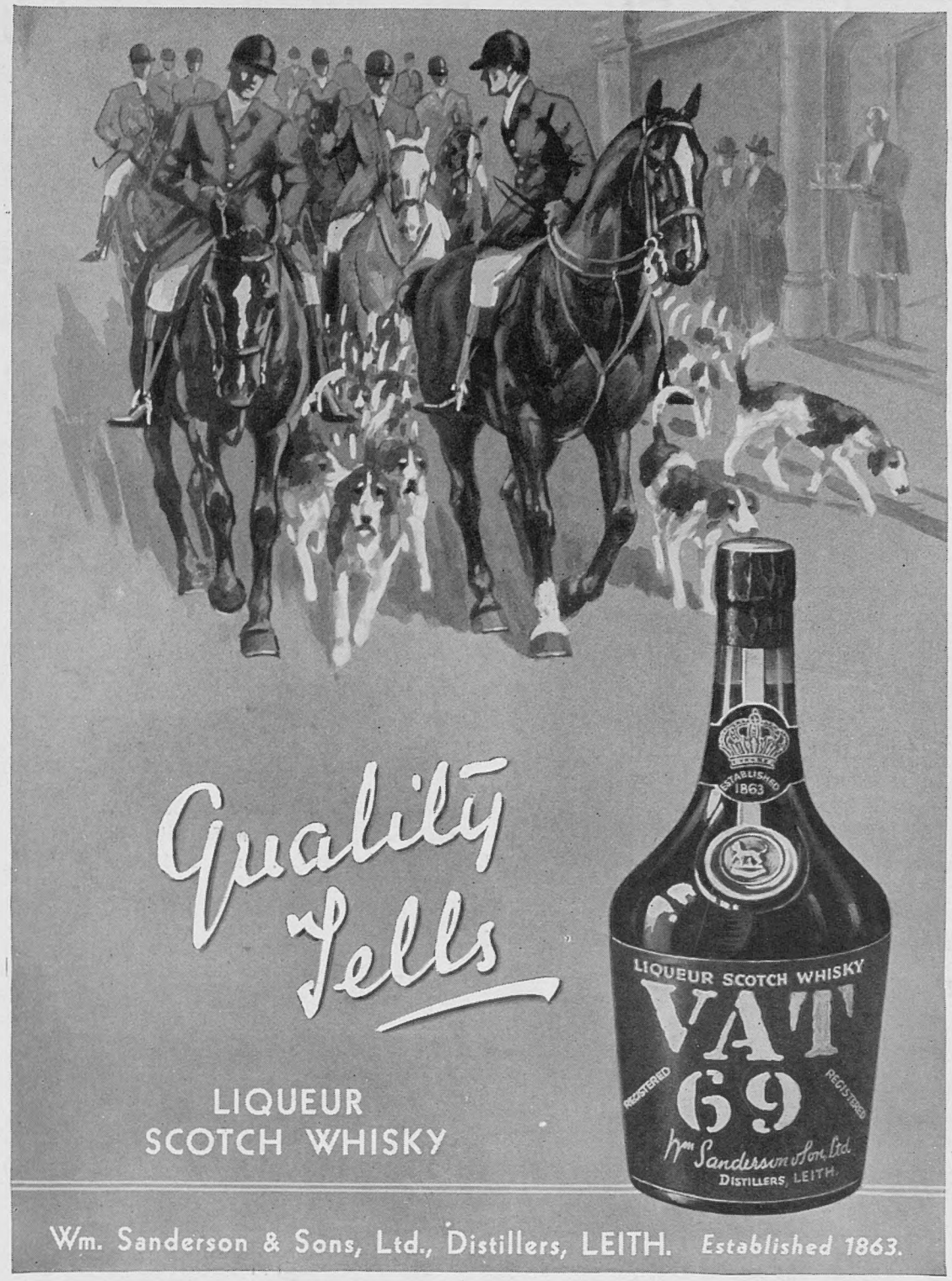

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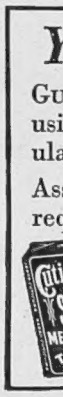

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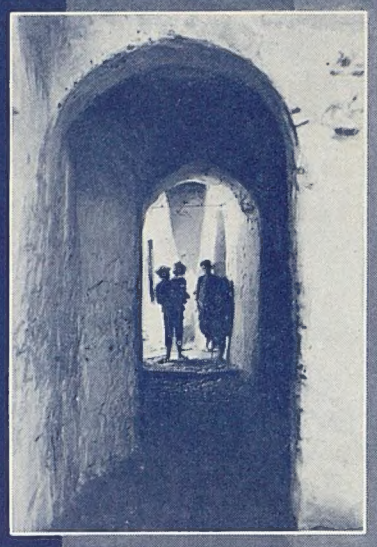

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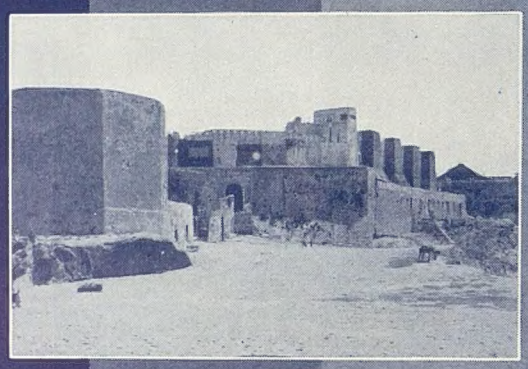

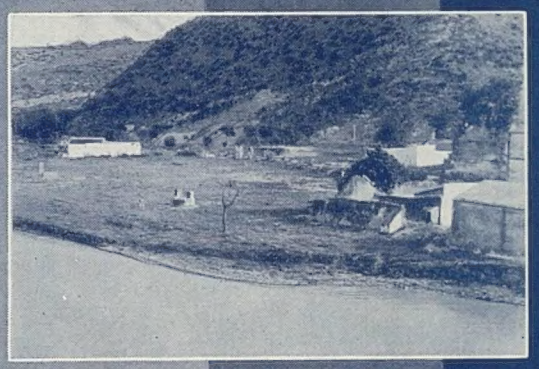

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